

# ANYTHING THAT MOVES

\$6

No. 15  
Fall 1997

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE SERIOUS BISEXUAL... NO, REALLY



SOME COMICS,  
A COMEDIAN,  
MORE COMICS,  
A COMMUNE,  
YET MORE COMICS.

A BIT OF COMMENTARY,  
STILL YET MORE COMICS,  
COMMINGLING IN THE CONGO &  
EVEN STILL YET MORE COMICS!





# ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE SERIOUS BISEXUAL... NO, REALLY

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

## WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we MUST be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross ALL sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality.

There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word 'bisexual' to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, or by the *ATM* staff.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about ANYTHING THAT MOVES: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves —

**To Do It For Ourselves!**

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## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF BI



- 18 **Pink Static** by Alex Nordby  
Minnesota: Futuristic Manga with a Queer Twist
- 22 **Profile: Comedian Brian Norris** interviewed by Linda Howard  
Georgia: Breakfast Cereal, Humor and Office Supplies
- 26 **Roxie Loses Her Virginity** by Jane Cassell Sumner  
Ohio: True-Life Stories of Love and Psychodrama
- 28 **Gemini** by Erika Lopez  
California: The Search for Good Queer Porn Continues...
- 31 **Part One:** by Bill Dawson  
Oregon: Polyamorous Perversity
- 32 **C.K. Penchant**  
California: The Art of Lusty Anthropomorphism
- 37 **All Bi, Myself** by Katherine Douthit  
Massachusetts: The Female Side of the Fence
- 48 **The Private Art of Dorinne**  
United States: Closeted Stories of Small-Town America
- 64 **Red Hanky Panky** by Rachael House  
England: The Lighter Side of Bi

## FEATURES AND ARTICLES

- 5 **Oh, to be a Bonobo** by Anne Killpack  
The Congo's Bisexual, Polyamorous Monkeys Are in Danger of Extinction
- 8 **Icons in the Community** by Kimberly Ward  
Examining Vita Sackville-West's Sexuality from a Historical Perspective
- 12 **COYOTE on the Prowl** by Kerwin Brook  
A Report on the 1997 International Conference on Prostitution
- 34 **Out to Each Other** by Jeff Gingerich  
Coming Out After Seven Years of Marriage
- 42 **Finding Queerness in Community** by Tree Bressen  
Life on a Rural Virginia Commune, '90s-Style



## FICTION AND POETRY

- 16 **The Straight Girls** poem by Beverly Yuen Thompson
- 18 **The Club** a monologue play by Linda Eisenstein
- 24 **The Secret Bisexual** fiction by Fritz Klein
- 30 **Provincetown** poem by Mary Leary
- 38 **New Orleans** fiction by Alice Blue
- 41 **Vacancies** poem by Kimberly Ward
- 60 **Dear Jane: The Soap Opera** Part 6

## DEPARTMENTS

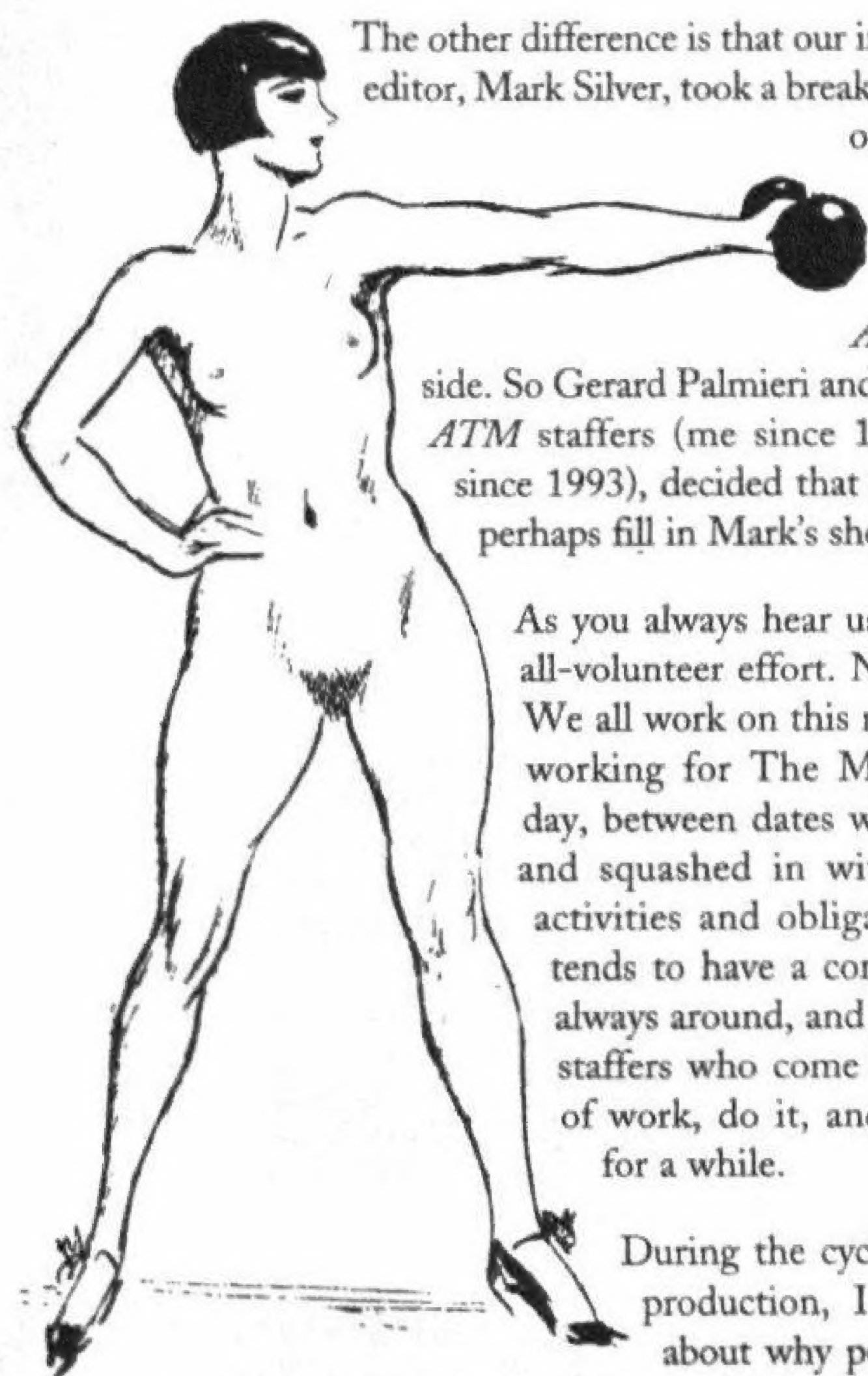
- Editorial: Guest Editor Anything Girl Has Her Say 2
- Letters to the Editor 3
- About the Cover Cartoonist: Julia Keel 40
- The Bisexual Backpack 54
- Who's Watching Big Brother? 58
- Extra! Extra! Read All About Us 60
- Global Bi Resources Guide 62
- ATM Submission Guidelines 63



# ANYTHING GIRL GOES OFF!

*Issue 15 Is Here! Hooray!*

It's a little different this time. We've lightened up this issue by showcasing some of our favorite bisexual queer comix, such as sexy anthropomorphic drawings by C.K. Penchant, Japanese-style trans anime by Alex Nordby, and the lighter-side-of-bisexuality by Rachael House. Sometimes we forget that queers have a grand sense of humor and we want to give everyone a chuckle.



The other difference is that our intrepid managing editor, Mark Silver, took a break to chill out, hang out with his significant other, and work on stabilizing ATM's business side. So Gerard Palmieri and I, two long-time ATM staffers (me since 1994 and Gerard since 1993), decided that two people could perhaps fill in Mark's shoes for an issue.

As you always hear us say, *ATM* is an all-volunteer effort. No one gets paid. We all work on this rag at night, after working for *The Man*™ during the day, between dates with our sweeties, and squashed in with all our other activities and obligations. Our staff tends to have a core group who are always around, and several transitory staffers who come in, take a chunk of work, do it, and then disappear for a while.

During the cycle of editing and production, I began thinking about why people volunteer. I

was doing some soul-searching myself, as I'd been having a particularly challenging time as the guest editor, trying to keep up the energy and momentum through the magazine cycle. I was trying to figure out what would help increase the efforts of the "transitory" volunteers so that the "core group" wouldn't get burnt by doing all the work. Was it appealing to their sense of civic duty? Was it personally calling everyone up to check in? Was it giving staffers extremely discrete tasks to do on their own?

I was also inundated with pressures of my own. I got yet another project at work, started a brand-new relationship (you know what time-eaters those are!), and still had this responsibility to lead this magazine to its completion. Yikes! How was this going to happen if the "person in charge" was also losing energy and momentum? Why was I a volunteer? The nice thing about volunteerism is that you can just bail with few ramifications — it's not like your job, which feeds, clothes and houses you. Hmmm... tempting.

But we volunteer at this magazine because it feeds, clothes, and houses our souls (which most jobs don't seem to do). That's why I haven't bailed. That's why I've stuck around as the "Anything Girl" for the last three and a half years. I think this magazine touches people in a way that nothing else does. I love it when we get letters that say, "I live in (a very remote part of the country) and I saw your magazine, read it cover-to-cover, and it has changed my life." This magazine is also the linchpin to other community-building activities, such as our recent *ATM*-sponsored play party, our Fencesitter's Lounge dance party, a booth at San Francisco's Folsom Street Fair, and an author's reading.

I've explained to my new honey that I volunteer at queer-related activities because they're the most fun group of people out there. I probably would not have met so many cool, fun, and hard-working queers if I did not volunteer at the magazine. I get a thrill every time I hold the completed mag in my hands.

You, too, can participate and contribute to bisexual society by volunteering your efforts at whatever interests you. Take the initiative. Trust me — we are often too crazed and busy to come seek you out, but I just love people who are total self-starters, take on a project and just run with it.

"Organizers" of volunteer efforts are mere figureheads (we don't actually want any real responsibility). The true leaders are those who freely give a part of themselves to create a bisexual community of our own.

So after you read this issue cover-to-cover, go do it!

*Jen Yee is the stockbrokering, motorcycling, Reiki-channeling guest editor of this rag. She is not Jewish or Pagan, but is nonetheless queer.*



# LETTERS: CYBER, SNAIL, AND PSYCHIC

## I'M NOT ALONE

I just wanted to say thank you. Your magazine has helped a small-town bi realize that she isn't alone in the world.

Anita F.  
Kansas

## I FELT LIKE I'D COME HOME

Oh my oh my, do I love this site!!! I just found it today, and felt like I'd come home.

I found you because I've been browsing the Web, looking for bi sites for my husband and I. We've only recently realized that we didn't *decide* to be heterosexual when we got married; we merely hid our bi-ness behind a fear that bisexuality didn't actually exist. In other words, we've been in denial. The process of coming out of denial is a long trip, but we're taking it together. I can't wait to show him your fabulous site! Oh, and we'll be subscribing. Thanks again!

Beth  
via cyberspace

## GLAD YOU'RE STILL ALIVE

I am very glad that in spite of the usual financial strains and new nasty surprises, you are still very much alive and kicking. *And not just surviving, but always getting better.* I think I'm only just beginning to appreciate how lucky our people are to have this 'zine.

Coriander Rose  
Somewhere in Stanislaus County, CA

## YOU MAKE ME WANNA DANCE

Hey Mark! Thank you for being a loud-speaker for my feelings regarding gay politics versus bisexual dynamics. . . We are definitely on the same wavelength, my good friend. Your editorial in this issue (#14), "It's Time for a Little Unsolicited Advice," resonates so clearly with me. I know that your efforts connect with every human who

reads your stuff on a very deep level, and unless their investments in politics and bigotry run deeper than their sense of connection and sexual energies, it's gotta be tearing down mental barricades everywhere. Thanks again, and keep pushin' on! (you make me wanna go dancin'...)

Lisa  
via cyberspace

## SUDDENLY, I AM NOT ALONE

Suddenly, very suddenly, I am not alone. Enough said. But, in your sophistication, and your geographic location, I can only doubt that you can concieve others' confusion and isolation. Know that there must be scores of thousands of others: innocent, self-loathing, moral people, unable to explain to significant others, always with a hard-on, praying from time to time for temporary turn-offs, floundering through life...like me. And I am 59. It ain't been easy, and I can only say thanks *for being there for me to stumble across while on the Net.*

Anonymous  
via cyberspace

## THE IMPORTANCE OF ITALICS

Just a note about the editorial contribution of italics to my piece: I have often looked with disdain upon the publications (usually mainstream) that would italicize words of a language other than English in fiction pieces. I would always wonder if that was indeed the author's intention, or the editor's contribution in an effort to who knows what. Which is my point here: what was the intention of italicizing those words? Generally it indicates a sense of otherness or foreignness and that was not essential nor appropriate to this piece. The narrator of this story would certainly not have been telling this story nor thinking this story with those particular words emphasized, or italicized.

And while on the subject of italicization, a couple of words in the manuscript that actually were italicized were not italicized in your publication. Wow... I don't know what to make of this. I would appreciate a response, because I was a little annoyed at this.

**"It's Not What You Think —"**

### Managing Editor Mark Silver Is On Vacation



Managing Editor Mark Silver and five ATM editors soak their feet after a long day at a staff retreat. Clockwise from Mark: Jen Yee, Anne Killpack, Amy Conger, Linda Howard, and Jenny Bitner. (Mark promises to be well-rested by next issue.)



Thanks. I still love you and will continue to support you.

Luna Desnuda  
Olympia, WA

---

## YOU GO, ANDY MARTINO!

Wow, synchronicity! When my friend asked what he could bring me from his vacation in San Francisco, I asked for an issue of your wonderful magazine, quite hard to come by in these parts. He had a laugh at the title, saying, "or in your case, anything that doesn't." That was a reference to the fact that I am a "devotee," attracted primarily to people who don't move much... quadriplegics and multiple amputees, for instance. Imagine my delight on reading Andy Martino's letter pointing out that people who don't move can still be sexual, sensual beings. Andy, you go!

Kelly  
Arkansas

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## HOW I FOUND YOUR SITE

Hi! Love your site, wanted to let you know how I found it.

This last weekend (Labor Day weekend) while back home in Seattle for a bit of a vacation I found a wonderful book, *Vice-Versa*, which I thought intriguing just by its name. It was in the queer studies section of the bookstore, so I picked it up and leafed through it. Discovering it to be a book on bisexuality and its place in society I had to get a copy and take it home.

Being a confused bisexual born and raised in Seattle, and having moved to the Bay Area two years ago, it was comforting to read such a wonderful book that gives bisexuality a "place" in the world today. Especially living in the Bay Area, the pressures to be gay and "out" are so strong. Anyone who actually *has* any bisexual feelings at all is shunned, and scared into never revealing it to even his/her closest of friends.

I remember the first time I heard someone talk about bisexuals (when I thought I was exclusively gay). It was uttered in such

disdain and disgust I remember thinking to myself, gosh... gays have been fighting for mindshare, recognition, and just plain tolerance for so long, why would we want to cut out any group — even bisexuals? It was a horrible experience to later figure out I really had feelings for both sexes... argh.

At any rate, I have never been able to find a good Web site, or community organization for bisexuals (I do not know that I looked that hard for an org, but I did look hard on the Web). I was overjoyed to find numerous references to your site in *Vice-Versa*, which prompted me to seek out your Web site, which I really love. I don't know if this text is very well-known in bi circles; I certainly did not know about it. I would highly recommend it to anyone interested in bisexuality. You may wish to post such a recommendation on your site somewhere.

Thank you,  
JerryC

---

## BI FEMME I AM

I can't thank you enough for your magazine. I am a bisexual femme myself, and I've struggled with the fact that I've only been out with one woman (i.e., no sex) but am now living with a man who could very well become my husband (and he's a bisexual who's only been with one man).

I've felt like traitor to my people or something... felt like the lesbians don't want me in their club because I'm with a guy, and felt like the straight girls don't want me in their club because I can feel lust for women. I don't belong anywhere.

I feel like a traitor when all the lesbians I work with see me with a guy now, when three months ago they saw me with a woman at NCPride. I'm turned every which way, but your magazine has helped me out so much — especially things like "What Do Bisexuals Want?" by Jack Random and "Bi-Femme: On Being a Traitor and/or Revolutionary." They're right on the mark with how I feel.

I hope you don't mind, but I'm putting a link to your page on my homepage. I

have a diary page where I've discussed this issue a couple times. Your magazine is exactly what people like me need to feel okay about themselves. I can't thank you enough.

Suzanne Rallis  
via cyberspace

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## THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING ARTICLE ON INTERSEXUALITY

Thank you for publishing the illuminating article about androgen insensitivity syndrome by Angela Moreno. The clinical management of intersexuality by pediatric endocrinologists has, regrettably, too often ignored the psychological needs of those being treated. Conformity to a prescribed norm about what genitals should look like has been paramount to the emotional welfare of the person on whom such surgery has been performed. Feelings of shame, fear, and isolation are the inevitable result of such treatment.

Fortunately, emotional support is now available from a variety of sources, and those with androgen insensitivity syndrome and other intersex conditions are able to connect with others who have shared similar experiences. Moreover, the medical community is slowly coming to understand the needs of intersex individuals because of articles like Ms. Moreno's.

Sincerely,  
Sherri Groveman  
Androgen Insensitivity Syndrome Support Group  
aissg@aol.com

---

## Errata:

In Issue #14, "Plastic [W]rap" is copyrighted by Lani Ka'ahumanu, Merry Winslow and Terri Flamer, and cannot be reproduced or performed without prior approval from the copyright holders.

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, **xeroxed body parts**, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600 USA, or email: [qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org). Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.



# OH, TO BE A BONOBO

## Lions and Tigers and... Bisexual Monkeys\*? Oh, my!

by Anne Killpack

illustrations by Julia Keel

**A**re you sick of people telling you that bisexuality is “unnatural”? *Anything That Moves* has your answer: Bisexual, sex-positive apes.

We aren't kidding.

The bonobo, less accurately called the pygmy chimp, was only discovered halfway into this century. Due to their small numbers and geographic isolation in one corner of central Africa, they have not been extensively studied until recently. But a few recent books have brought attention to the bonobos and their behavior. The bonobos are seriously endangered; hopefully, conservation efforts will benefit from increased awareness of the bonobos, their plight, and their importance to us.

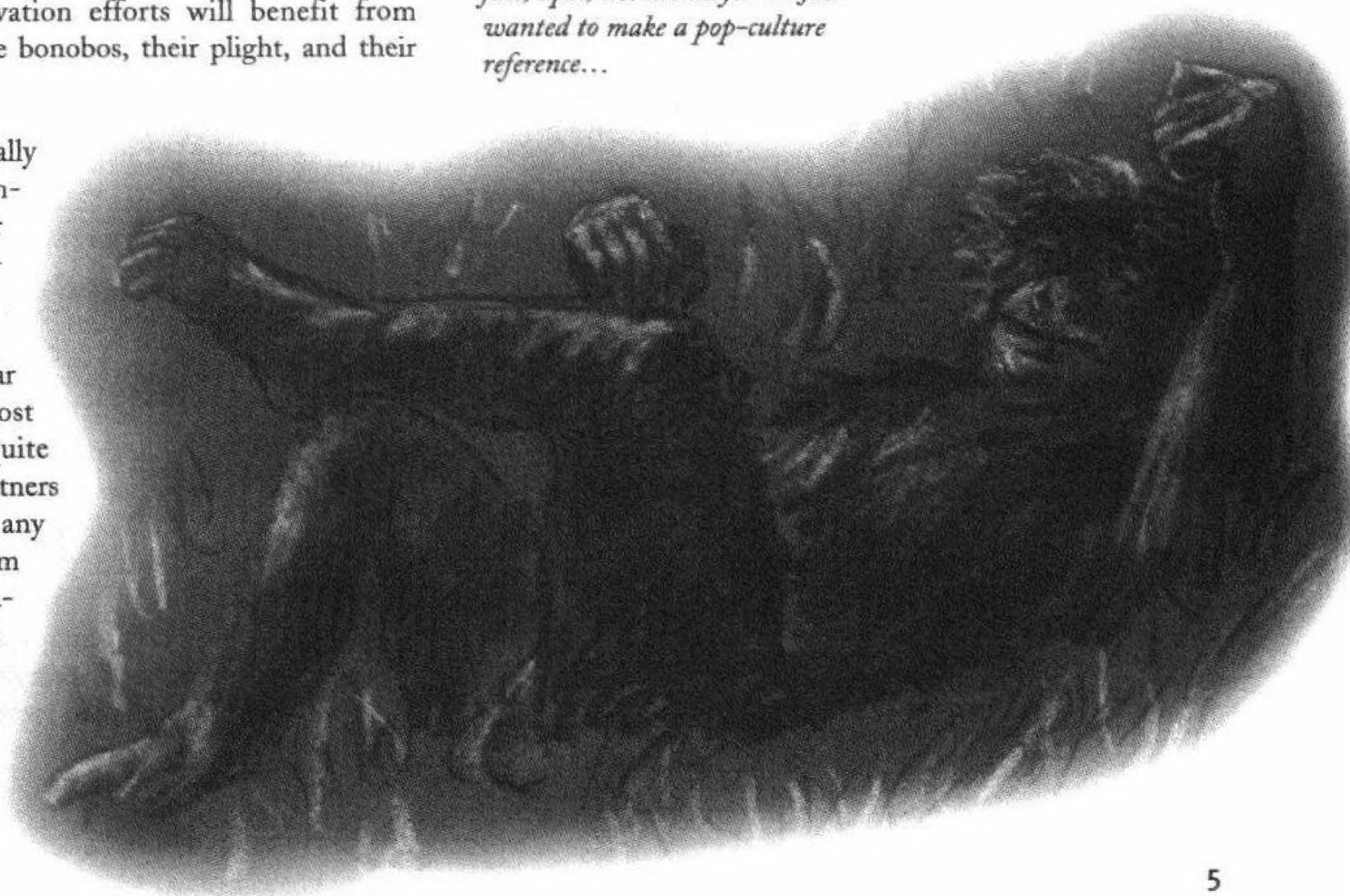
The bonobo are as genetically close to us as the chimpanzee, but their behavior patterns are radically different from the familiar chimp. We know that bonobos are matriarchal, far less aggressive, have almost no infanticide, and quite happily have sex with partners of either gender, even of any age. In fact, bonobos seem to use sex to defuse situations where competitive impulses might give rise to aggression. They don't compete much for

sexual partners, since they are non-monogamous; there is some showing-off for bonobos that are of higher societal standing, but that's about it. When faced with something that more than one bonobo wants — say, food — bonobos have sex first, then share the resources. It's a bonding experience that brings the group together and lowers aggressive feelings as well as competition for resources, allowing more bonobos to survive.

(see “Bonobo,” p.6)

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\* Yes, we know that bonobos are, in fact, apes, not monkeys. We just wanted to make a pop-culture reference...





## Bonobo (from p.5)

Behaviorist researchers study species which are our close relatives and then apply their conclusions to human behavior. The currently favored study subject is the chimpanzee, with other apes running distantly in the same race. The theory is that since chimps and humans only genetically diverged

fairly recently in evolutionary terms, we can guess a lot about our primitive human (and not-so-human) ancestors by studying chimpanzees and apes.

Obviously this has its limits — an ape living in a small family group of hunter-gatherers in the savanna should, obviously, behave differently from an ape living in a fragmented society of farm-

ers, politicians, and soldiers in downtown Chicago. But for all our trappings of civilization, much of the primitive brain programming remains — it's just a little harder to see. Some of our worst enemies — at least, the ones who are willing to admit that people were descended from apes at all — have frequently claimed that bisexuality is "unnatural" because it doesn't exist in any of our related species. But are our baser instincts really what we think they are?

**C**himpanzee behavior patterns include a male-dominated hierarchy, males having multiple female partners but not vice versa, aggressive behavior especially in males, tribal wars, and a shockingly high infanticide rate. These observations have been used to explain, and maybe even justify or excuse, why humans are aggressive (especially males), semi-monogamous with only males being allowed multiple partners, and heterosexual.

So for years behaviorists have been claiming that chimp society was a good model for our society, and that those characteristics were to be expected in us as well. These

studies may have reinforced many of our society's basic prejudices against behaviors that many of us enjoy — and may have made excuses to censure some harmless behaviors while condoning violence and aggression.

The bonobo has knocked a lot of these assumptions over.

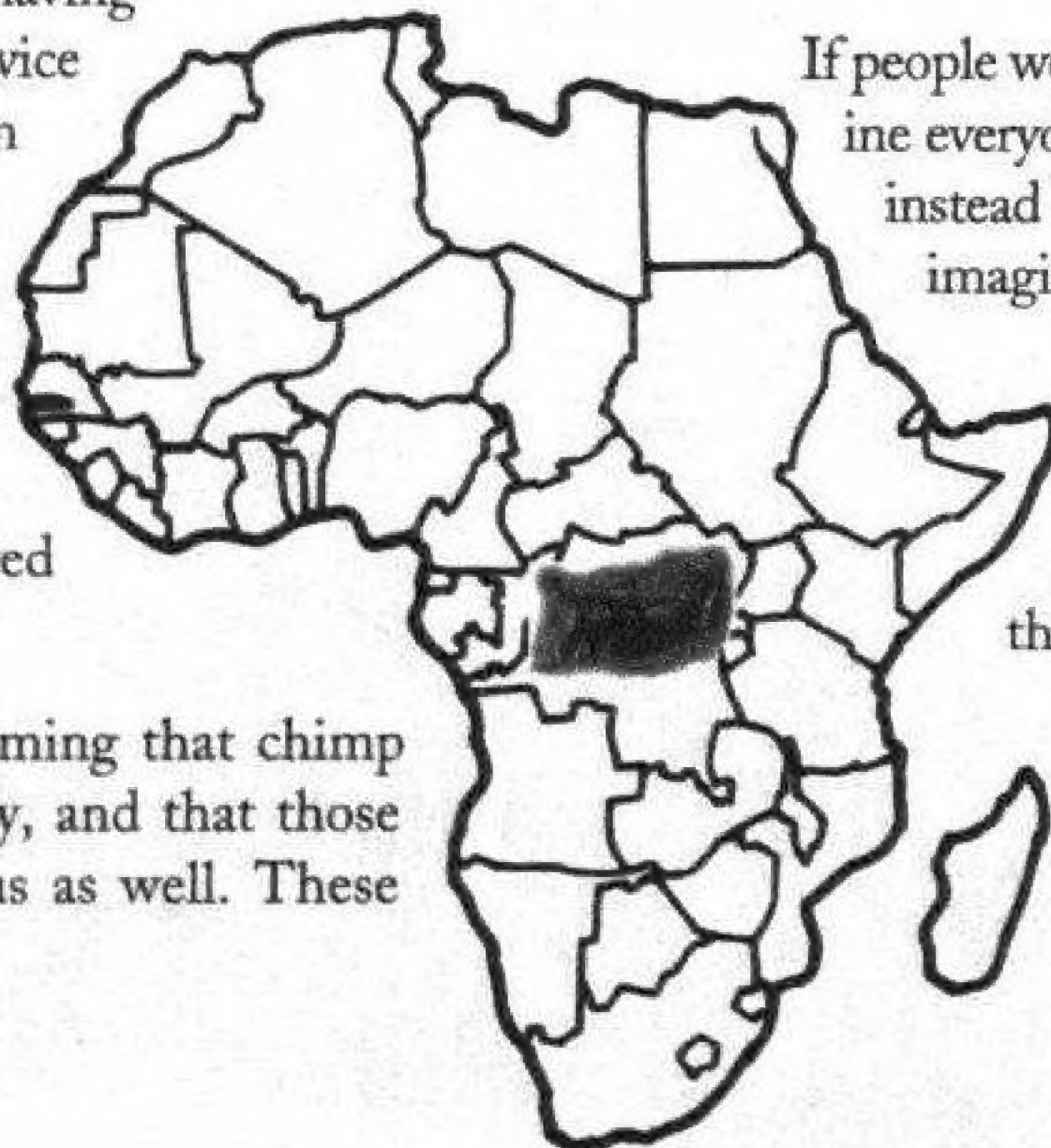
Bonobo sex is varied, casual, and friendly. It occurs fairly frequently, but doesn't take very long — humans appear to still be the only species of ape to go in for really marathon sessions of sex. But bonobos will engage in sexual play on almost any excuse — or at none at all, just for friendship or play. Bonobos have been observed to have various forms of oral sex, and to have genital sex in various positions, on the ground and in the trees. They may play sexually with more than one other person at a time.

Bonobos also masturbate prodigiously. The female bonobos bond by rubbing their genitals together, the males will hang from branches and "penis-fence", younger bonobos will offer sex to the older established members of the community, and even children will be reassured by the sexual touch of an elder.

**A**nother very human trait the bonobos have is the "missionary" position. Unlike most other apes, the genitals of the female bonobo are tilted forward enough to make face-to-face sex possible and enjoyable. Since the inventors of the missionary-position ideal claimed that only civilized higher human societies had such practices, and that it had to be taught to the godless heathens (and how, exactly, did they teach them? By example?), it's interesting to note that the apes practice the one form of "socially acceptable" intercourse in addition to lots of other ones.

The primary behavioral result of all this is that bonobos seem to have almost eliminated aggressive behavior. As most of us could have told a behavioral researcher, it's pretty hard to feel selfish or aggressive towards someone who's just had sex with you. (Humans have managed it, with our more complex minds and loyalties and so on. Maybe we can blame some things on the chimps, or on ourselves.) Bonobo wars are almost unheard of, unlike chimp wars. On encountering strangers, bonobos initiate sex.

If people were like that, we might be happier — imagine everyone having sex before Thanksgiving dinner instead of fighting with long-lost relatives! Heck, imagine the United Nations having sex before negotiations — or having sex with your boss when you want a promotion. Think about what a better mood you're in when you're getting laid regularly, and extend that to the whole world. Imagine no one censoring your sexual behavior. Strange — but maybe it's a much nicer model for human society.





What does this mean for us? It means that all our detractors who have been claiming that bisexuality or non-monogamy are 'unnatural' are going to lose some credibility. It also means that people who have said that humankind is inherently aggressive might want to consider getting laid more often — for the good of our species. It also can be concluded, if you're in the mood to feel superior, that we bonobo-type humans who are extremely sex-positive and play well with others may be the model for the perfect society — or at least one that won't use the nuclear bomb.

**B**ut we shouldn't start feeling too superior. Human society is killing the bonobos. Despite all that sex, and despite lower infant mortality rates than chimps, bonobos don't reproduce prolifically. Their small populations are now in severe danger of extinction by poachers and the loss of their habitat. Bonobo native lands are restricted to one corner of the country formerly called Zaire, now the Democratic Republic of Congo. The D.R.C. is still in such a state of war, famine and internal strife that the U.S. Embassy was evacuated and shut down in June of 1997. Riots, road piracy, murder and stonings are not uncommon. It's tough enough to be a human in the D.R.C., much less a defenseless bonobo.

The world zoo population of bonobos is barely sustainable. *ATM's* research hasn't turned up any reports on the bonobos' situation more recent than 1995. Apparently the research teams that had been studying the bonobos in their habitat, and working with the locals to try to protect the bonobo from poaching, have not been able to return to the Democratic Republic of Congo. It's uncertain whether the bonobo preserves are being respected, and even in 1995 poaching of bonobos outside the reserve areas had begun.

Population estimates of the wild bonobo ranged from ten to twenty thousand at last count — and those counts are several years old, back when the preserves were guarded and the bonobos less hunted. Now war has caused the preserve guardians to find better work, and war's shortages have induced the locals to begin hunting bonobos for meat.

The Congolese war may be abating, but the region is so unstable that it may be years before researchers can return to the bonobo preserves. The Congolese government and people have more pressing survival issues than preserving their ecological treasures. We can only hope that there will still be bonobos left to study, and that they may still be as peaceful as they were before humans intervened.

---

*Contrary to staff reports, this article was not generated by an infinite number of bonobos with typewriters. (They're using word processors these days.)*

*Anne Killpack watched too many nature shows as a child, and is currently applying her TV-generated sociological skills to the natives of San Francisco.*

# Save the Bonobos!

Probably less than ten thousand bonobos remain in the wild. Research on our common behavior patterns is still in its infancy, and conservation efforts are urgently needed. To learn more about the bonobos and support conservation efforts, check out these resources:

## Books

*Bonobo: The Forgotten Ape*

by Frans de Waal and Frans Lanting. University of California Press: 1997. ISBN 0-520-20535-9

*Chimpanzees and Bonobos*

by Ann Elwood. Creative Education: 1991.  
ISBN 0-886-82340-4

*The Last Ape: Pygmy Chimpanzee Behavior and Ecology*

by Takayoshi Kano and Evelyn Ono Vineberg.  
Stanford University Press: 1992. ISBN 0-804-71612-9

## On-line

American Society of Primatologists home page  
<http://www.asp.org>

American Zoo and Aquarium Association home page  
<http://www.aza.org>

Block Bonobo Foundation home page  
<http://www.blockbonobofoundation.org>

Newsletter of the Japan Center for the Conservation and Care of Chimpanzees  
<http://www.jinrui.zool.kyoto-u.ac.jp/PAN/home.html>

Primate Info Net of the Wisconsin Primate Center  
<http://www.primate.wisc.edu/pin/>

## Organizations

The Bonobo Protection and Conservation Fund  
Laboratory of Human Evolution Studies  
c/o Dr. Suehisa Kuroda  
Faculty of Science, Kyoto University  
Sakyo, Kyoto, 606 JAPAN

Conservation Fund of the American Society of Primatologists  
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# *Icons In the Community*

by Kimberly Ward



Vita Sackville-West

*Or, Whose Icon Is It, Anyway?*



A poster in the office of my local BGLT youth office says, "History has set the record a little *too* straight." On it are several famous faces: scientists, musicians and writers; people who helped set records and start movements of their own.

The one who always catches my attention is Virginia Woolf. Her Bloomsbury demeanor and sultry bedroom eyes bid me to look closer, to dig deeper into what made the life of such a brilliant writer. She is known all over the world for her intellectual prowess, her deftness with a pen, and, to women, as someone who opened a world of career opportunity.

But, what is her significance to the gay world? She was a successful lesbian. When people in the straight community learn that a favorite writer, actor, musician or scientist is gay or lesbian, it can often change attitudes. I've seen it happen. A prominent person who bucks gender roles can do the same, just as Babe Didrickson proved that women can be strong athletes and Dr. Spock proved that men can be nurturing parents.

So what about the icon in our culture who is sexually more ambiguous? What do the gay and lesbian community do with a Madonna Ciccone, a Freddie Mercury, or a Vita Sackville-West? Because they cannot be categorized as easily as someone who claims loudly, "Yes, I am gay, I am lesbian," the community tends to try to explain away these icons' other sexual/emotional activity. They vilify them and make them take the brunt of heterosexual animosity.

Why?

Is it a basic human need to carve a niche that is distinctively different from the 90% heterosexual world? A need to be able to easily identify those that are "like me"? The natural need for people to bond with people who identify with their sexual identity is understandable. The need to do it at the expense of the full dimension of that individual's personality, culture or heritage is not. It only breeds more division, more animosity, more repression.

Earlier this year, I saw a collection of biographical stories about "lesbians in history" in a book store. Vita was listed in the index.

I fumed. I was angry. I felt invisible and slighted. After all, she had always been *my* bisexual icon. And so, I decided to write a paper or article "proving" that Vita was bisexual. She belonged in our camp,

and that was where I would put her once and for all. In my mind's eye, it was the right thing to do, because there aren't enough *acknowledged* bisexuals in the public eye.

In other words, to me history had set the record a little *too* gay. I was tired of not being represented just because people chose to overlook certain parts of famous people's lives. Using the excuse that people *had* to get married in the past just to survive didn't negate the magnificent, strong love I had read between Vita and her husband, Harold, in the publication of their letters.

When I began researching, I had already read the collection of letters that Vita and Virginia Woolf had written to each other over their lifetimes. I also knew Vita was married to Harold Nicholson. Therefore, in my mind, she was bisexual.

However, when I read the introduction to *Harold and Vita*, I was sure I had been mistaken about the couple's sexual orientation. Their eldest son Nigel — who painstakingly put the book together — said that the two had given up sexual relations after the birth of their second son.

"So there you have it," I thought. "They really were homosexual."

I continued to read their letters, however, because bisexual or not, I admired them for defying the society around them by staying together for 49 years and having a relationship on their own terms.

It has been argued that the Nicholsons were in a marriage of convenience and used it for protection,

(see "Icons," p.10)



Virginia Woolf, as photographed by Vita Sackville-West in 1926.



### Icons (from p.10)

both financial and emotional, as many gay and lesbian people have through history. Then I found that Vita's mother not only kept her from living in her ancestral house in Sussex, which was Vita's favorite place and birthright, but also cut Vita and Harold off from his monthly dowry because she was angry at the way both of them had homosexual extramarital affairs.

What could be convenient about that?



Harold Nicholson, Vita Sackville-West, Rosamund Grosvenor and Lord Sackville (1917).

The letters proved to me that this was a couple who loved one another. What did that mean about their sexual orientation? How could a man who tells his wife, over and over again for 49 years, that he adores her and the sun revolves around her, while having affairs with men as well, *not* be bisexual? Should he be called "biamorous," to be more accurate? And what of Vita? What, exactly, makes up a lesbian life?

Don't we assert over and over to the straight world that our sexual orientation has just as much to do with how we form emotional relationships as it does our sexual relationships?

I came to the conclusion that, yes, Harold and Vita had a marriage in the truest sense, just not in the most traditional physical/sexual sense.

I saw with my own eyes the loving worlds that Harold wrote during their engagement:

*"I love you so far more than ever before — the longing after you is like a stretched cord within me."*

— May 11, 1913

And I saw the words Vita wrote nearly 44 years after their wedding day,

*"I write this on the 44th anniversary of that happy day and love you more now than I did then. (which is saying a lot)"*

— October 1, 1957

Vita *was* a lesbian in the truest sense, because she was a woman who was passionate about women. But she also had meaningful relationships with men. She had at least two affairs with other men while married to Harold and a long-standing relationship with him.

Harold, too, loved his wife and cared deeply for the men he had affairs with, though he stated time and again in letters that the "friendship" between men was different than the love a man had for his wife. Vita's relationship with Harold was just as valid as her many well-known love affairs with women, including Violet Trefusses and Virginia Woolf.

And then and there, I decided that the most important thing was not that Vita and Harold belong to the bisexual camp and there alone. It was important that all of us who had been told the heterosexual fairy tale should see these two people as icons. They were a testament to the fact that bisexual lives could be lived, and lived *well*.

We must be careful not to let our prejudices reverse, to assign homosexuality as blithely as mainstream society assumes heterosexuality. It is easy to look at Vita and Harold and declare them gay as long as you never look past the surface evidence. It is harder, but more truthful, to look deeper at the many loves that encompassed both their lives.

---

*Kimberly Ward is a performance-poet and a native of Vermont who spends her time as a full-time proofreader, part-time artistic director of her danced-poetry company "Toe-Knuckle-Jaw-Bone Theatre," and full-time creative writing MFA candidate at Goddard College. Oh yeah, she's also the sole Northeast Regional organizer for BiNet U.S.A., but is quickly reeling others in.*



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# COYOTE.

## on the Prowl

*A Report from the 1997 International Conference on Prostitution*

by Kerwin Brook

**M**ore than 500 sex workers and their allies came together in Los Angeles earlier this year to meet, share ideas and strategies, and have fun during the 1997 International Conference on Prostitution (ICOP). Featuring numerous sex celebrities and delegates from more than 15 countries, the conference was generally successful, if marred by a saddeningly Eurocentric disinterest in the non-U.S. panels.

ICOP was the third of its kind in the past 11 years (the first conference was held in Toronto in 1985, the second in the Netherlands in 1993). Unlike the earlier events, it was co-sponsored by a prostitute rights organization, Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics — Los Angeles (COYOTE-LA) and an academic organization, the Center for Sex Research at Cal-State Rockridge. This fusion brought many researchers into direct contact with those they have been studying, with decidedly mixed results (more on that later).

The conference, which was held in March, featured many sex celebrities, including Annie Sprinkle, Carol Queen, Nina Hartley, and recent San Francisco supervisorial candidate and COYOTE founder Margo St. James. Another highlight was the presence of former U.S. Surgeon General Dr. Joycelyn Elders, who gave the keynote address.

The open presence of whores attracted a great deal of media attention, both local and national, and reporters from *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, *Penthouse*, *Rolling Stone*, the *National Review* (viewing prostitution as a “libertarian” issue), and yours truly for *Anything That Moves* all showed up. ICOP also attracted a number of plainclothes vice cops from the LAPD — a measure of the threat whores pose to traditional sexual morality — but their presence deterred no one from having fun and speaking their minds.

ICOP's 59 panels included a wide range of issues. Speakers talked about the history of prostitution, health issues of sex workers (no, sex workers do *not* spread AIDS) and legal issues in the United States (I wonder if the vice cops went to these panels...). Also discussed were street prostitution and drug abuse, prostitution in non-Western countries, male sex workers, and men who pay for sex. One researcher presented data from a recently completed national survey which showed that more than 18% of all U.S. men have visited prostitutes at least once in their lives — and that's based on self-reporting!

**S**ome of the most lively discussions addressed the issue of feminism and prostitution. A number of speakers had been rudely introduced to feminism as a reactionary force working to criminalize “the trade in women's bodies.” Others had gone to feminist

organizations looking for support, only to find themselves harshly rebuffed. In response to these rebukes, feminist whores claimed the right to control their own bodies. Some noted that they did not “sell themselves” or their bodies any more than athletes or day laborers.

Other feminist whores pointed to the way patriarchy controls women through a madonna/whore (“good girl/bad girl”) dualism. Openly claiming the option to be a whore throws the traditional dichotomy into question, they said, and allows all women more power in facing up to anti-slat bigotry. This open whoring breaks the heterosexual contract, not in the exchange of sex for money — traditional dates and marriage contracts follow this pattern — but in bringing this exchange out into the open. Acknowledging this fact has at least some potential to expose the uncompensated nature of sex work in the traditional arrangement, as in, “You know honey, you're not paying me. I don't want to do this.”

**G**iven its role in supporting repressive legislation, “feminism” had a bad rap among many conference attendees. Other feminist whores challenged this by saying that only certain types of feminism were anti-whore, and that hookers should not ignore the many pro-sex feminists who have been actively supporting whores for many years.



Some pointed out that conservative politicians use "anti-sex" feminists such as Catherine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin to make the old anti-woman/anti-sex laws appear more "modern," as with Canada's anti-pornography ordinance.

Carole Vance, editor of the women's sexuality anthology *Pleasure and Danger*, also noted that MacKinnon and Dworkin, having lost much of their feminist base in North America, have now moved into the international arena, testifying in front of the United Nations and other international organizations in an attempt to reinvigorate "anti-traffic-ficking" laws. These laws have the impact of criminalizing prostitutes and making it much more difficult for them to organize for basic economic and human rights. By making "sex trafficking" a violation of international human rights, these laws also have the potential to criminalize the sex industry on an international level, making the Canadian anti-pornography ordinance look like a mere dress rehearsal.

In this context, the presentations from non-Western participants assumed a special importance. Women from all over the world presented at the conference, including delegates from Malaysia, Thailand, India, Japan, the Philippines, Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Morocco, and Senegal (as well as Germany, the Netherlands, Great Britain, and Australia); however, these panels were generally the least attended, with most attendees showing a First World disinterest in the plight of their poorer sisters.

Listening to speakers from the developing world gave a different sense of the character of prostitution. Whereas most (definitely not all) of the U.S./European delegates had achieved a relatively high degree of control in their lives, most of the sex workers from the Third World spoke of situations in which prostitutes' lives are controlled by brothel owners.

Even when the relations between brothel owner and prostitute are not totally oppressive, the women are still often not allowed to leave the houses for recreation.

Despite these differences, activists from the developing world joined the call for decriminalization of all adult prostitution, arguing that the current laws facilitate the control of prostitutes by organized crime and corrupt police.

Unfortunately, the treatment of sex workers from the developing world was less than satisfactory at the conference as well, and ultimately this erupted into open conflict. Relations between COYOTE-LA and the sex researchers at Rockridge were already shaky before the conference began. According to the scuttlebutt, the (mostly male) academics had taken control of the panel selection, deciding who would get to present and on what topic, while COYOTE-LA did all the grueling leg-work. Non-English speaking sex workers became very frustrated when promised translators never appeared, making it extremely difficult for them to participate.

The situation collapsed at the very end of the conference, when conference organizers interrupted a panelist from Nicaragua three minutes into her presentation, saying that the final ceremony was about to begin in the same room.

Outraged that this woman, who had flown from Nicaragua and had been harassed by

the INS upon entry — it is illegal for prostitutes to enter the United States — was now being silenced, all of the Latin American sex workers refused to move, saying, "We will finish here!"

When one of the conference organizers from the university then told them, "Go to hell!" it was all over. The conference ended with many of the delegates from Latin America seizing the stage and shouting out their grievances (with translation). Many women stood in solidarity with them, and the attempts made by the researchers to placate the audience fell on deaf ears. Hopefully the incident will help make people look at the failures of this year as they think toward organizing another conference; there has been talk of having another conference in two years' time.

Despite these glitches, the overwhelming sense — at least among the people from the United States — was that the conference was a success. Delegates had a chance to have fun at the first-ever International Hookers Masquerade Ball, the vice cops generally kept their distance, and Dr. Joycelyn Elders' speech provided a very rousing boost. Ever outspoken, the woman who was dismissed for suggesting that masturbation might be talked about in sex education classes came out unequivocally in favor of decriminalizing prostitution.

Critical of a government "more interested in bedroom law than boardroom law," Elders stated, "If two consenting adults choose to have sex, that should be none of the rest of our business."

Hear hear! It seems so simple, doesn't it?

Kerwin Brook is currently collecting writings for *Male Lust: Obsessions/Transformations/Politics*. He can be reached at [kerwynna@igc.apc.org](mailto:kerwynna@igc.apc.org).

Graphic from COYOTE-Seattle's Web page.



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# the straight girls

*by Beverly Yuen Thompson*  
*photograph by Rani Goel*

The straight girls  
used to scare me  
I was scared of scaring them  
their fear...  
Of course, I used to be one of them  
I shouldn't have been worried  
I know them inside  
and out.  
They mostly bore me now  
everyone loves to be flirted with  
their skills are best used  
on desperate men.  
I yawn and pick up my book,  
much more educational  
than the compulsory heterosexuality  
contaminating the air.  
And the boys' fumbling attempts  
are better for flattering the insecure  
femmes  
I am not amused.  
People would assume I would be  
attracted to  
everyone  
but my boredom is equally distributed  
to boys and girls

I sip my coffee  
light a cigarette —  
let a challenge walk through that door  
wake me from this sleepy afternoon  
a shaved head, chain wallet  
leather jacket and a skirt  
combat boots  
slam fist on my table, spill my coffee  
say hello with a frown  
and maybe I'll finish my chapter.

*Beverly Yuen Thompson is a  
19-year-old Asian-American feminist.  
She is currently enrolled in college for  
her third/fourth year and is getting  
her degrees done in Women's Studies  
and Political Science. Activism  
for bisexual and women's rights are  
her main passions.*





# The Club

## A Monologue Play

by Linda Eisenstein  
illustration by  
Benjamin Godfrey

*(CHARLIE, a young woman with a somewhat nervous appearance, addresses the audience.)*

I had that dream again last night. The one where I'm standing in line, waiting to get into this women's club. No, not the having-tea-and-cookies kind of women's club. The kind of club where there's a long line of people, standing behind velvet ropes, waiting to get in. Where there are bouncers at the door. To check you out. To see if you belong inside.

And sure enough, there are these two women standing guard, checking IDs. And when I look at them? My heart sinks. Because they are this particular type that I dread. You know the ones — the ones who can't have a conversation with you, even about a recipe, unless they know who you're sleeping with. No, not the exact person, mind you — they need to know the *type* of person you might conceivably sleep with.

Why? Why must the secret handshake precede every conversation? Can't we just talk about the latest fashions or our new



pastel window treatments or our cats, for God's sake, without first declaring who we're bonking? I mean, my aunt had a great recipe for broccoli and cheese casserole — can't I pass it along without being asked to imagine everyone's sexual partners? Jeez Louise.

So I take a careful look at these women, these gatekeepers. They're from different camps, that's for sure. One of them is in pearls and polka dots and a little hat — she kind of looks like Phyllis Schlafly on her way to a church supper. The other one has a Janet Reno kind of haircut and a vest and sensible shoes. They both have this pinched look around their mouths, like they've tasted something unpleasant. And neither of them, believe me, is exactly my ego ideal. So why should I let them intimidate me?

Because there they are, big as life, administering questionnaires and loyalty oaths to all the women lined up outside — so we can all be efficiently routed to the right room and not upset the others. And although they glare at each other as they stand on either side at the door, I notice something weird. Something very unsettling. They are actually in cahoots! And then I really start to sweat.

Which room am I gonna get stuck in this time?

Oh, man. I dread those interrogations. They make me incredibly nervous. They make me feel like I'm passing all the time — passing as a lesbian, passing as a heterosexual, even passing as a bisexual. Nothing fits right — all I see is a category I don't quite fit into. It's like women's dress sizes — I'm too tall for petites, too hippy for juniors, too small-breasted for plus sizes. Everything either pinches or balloons.

And I want to scream, "DON'T LABEL ME, OKAY!?" I don't want a label. But when you travel without a label, nobody really wants you anywhere. That's the thing. I want all of us to be too big for any one category, not reduced to some label pinned on my sexuality, as though that's the center of my existence. Hey, I'm a vegetarian these days, too, but I don't put that in my bio. "Noted vegetarian poet reads her new love poems. Noted leatherphobic poet gives head."

It's like everyone in the world is supposed to wear all these buttons for every idea or value or subidentity they hold. "Kiss me, I'm Irish." "No Nukes." "Baby on Board." "Flush Rush." "I love New York." Then we could see in advance who we agree with about anything. Jeez, would that be boring. Why even have a conversation then? I'd go nuts in a world like that. I think the people who want us to practice identity politics are the ones who are secretly planning to lead their splinter group's parade. It's bad for the rest of us — all it does is cut down our allies.

But who cares what I think? I'm not the one in charge of anything. I'm not the one standing there with the clipboard, checking off names, separating the sheep from the goats. I'm

just the one trying desperately to get inside, get inside to somewhere I can feel safe. But first I gotta get past those women, those women at the gate. Oh, man.

So I start to imagine what questions they're going to fire at me, and how I should answer. Like, will I be allowed to mingle with the dykes if most of my friends are women and I sleep with women but deep down I think I'd really like to do it with Christopher Walken?

Or how about if I've had seven sexual partners — how many of them have to have been women? How serious did they have to be? Did I always have to like the sex I had with women more than the sex I had with men?

What if I occasionally get hot thinking about Catherine the Great and her stallion? Does that make me a closet horse-o-phile?

If I tell the truth, the whole truth, what room am I gonna get banished to? And will it be solitaire, AGAIN?

So in the dream, I do what I always do. I cheat. I reach into my pocket and try to decide which card to show this time. Yeah, I carry all this fake ID with me, it's a habit. I wish I didn't have to, but hey — it's a survival issue, really. Then, if I get stuck in a real lulu of a room, I can duck into the hall, go to the bathroom, recomb my hair, pull out a new one and start over.

Don't look at me like that. I know it's kind of deceptive, but so what? Hey, I'm not the only one who does it, believe me. Just about every woman in that goddamn line is packing a whole wallet full of cards that she uses in different situations. I'll bet you do it. Sure, you do.

I always wake up then. As I shuffle through all those cards, all those identities. God. I hate that dream. I always wake up afterwards feeling sad. Thinking, who will I have to pretend to be this time?

Who will I have to pretend to be — THIS time?

---

© 1995, Linda Eisenstein. First production, October, 1995, Melbourne Fringe Festival, Australia. Subsequently produced by Theatre Q (Chicago); The Fritz Theatre (San Diego); and Total Theatre Inc. (Columbus, Ohio).

Linda Eisenstein is a playwright, composer, poet, and critic living in Cleveland, Ohio. Her work has been performed in theatres from California to Maine, Canada to Florida, Australia to off-off-Broadway, and published in major anthologies, including *The Actors' Book of Gay and Lesbian Plays* (Penguin). She is a member of the Dramatists Guild and Lesbian Exchange of New Drama. To inquire about producing her plays, contact her at [herone@en.com](mailto:herone@en.com). For information or production rights, contact the author at: 1378 West 64th St., Cleveland, OH 44102, (216) 961-5624, [herone@en.com](mailto:herone@en.com) or [herone@aol.com](mailto:herone@aol.com).



Alex Nordby's Pink Static

# HEARTBREAK IN THE CITY



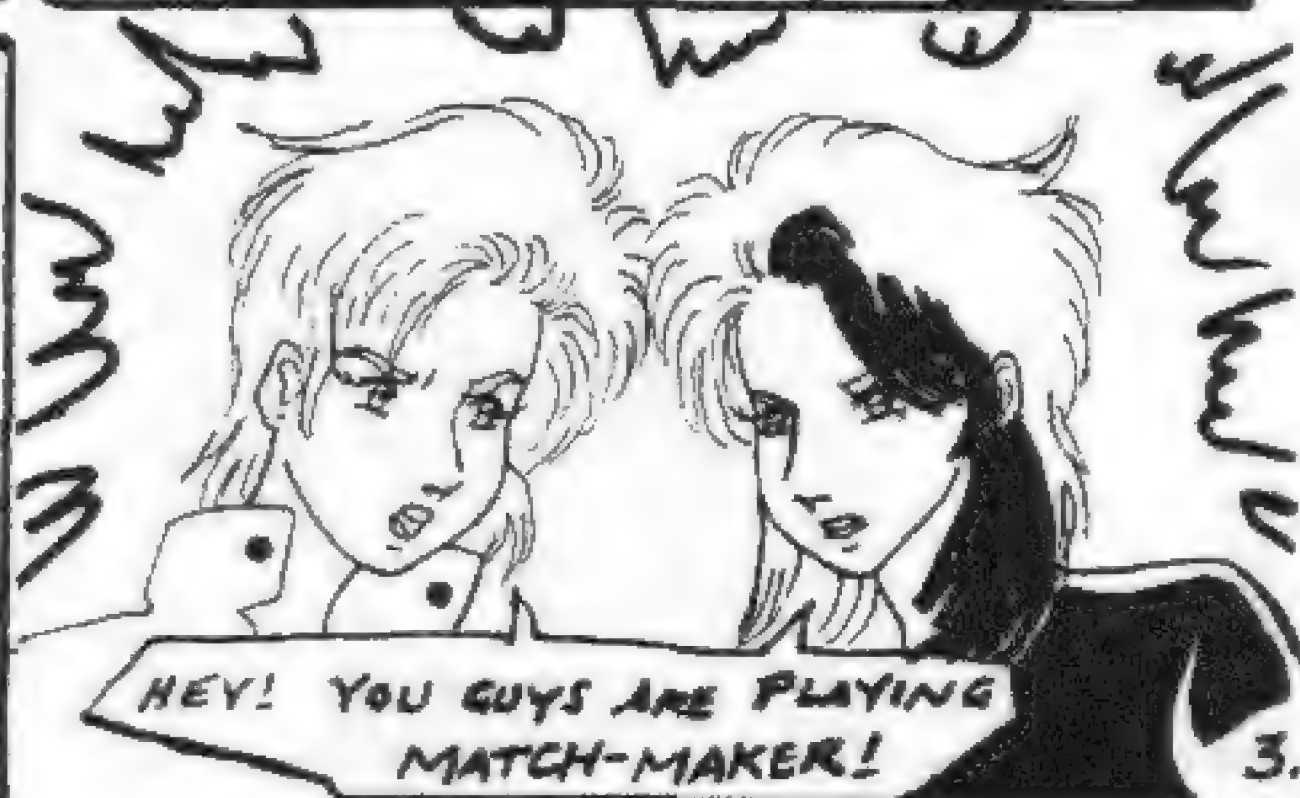


(This self-portrait is really too kind - I could wish to look that good.) I'm Alexander Nordby, a →  
26-year-old out bisexual FTM transsexual from St. Paul, Minnesota. I've been drawing for as



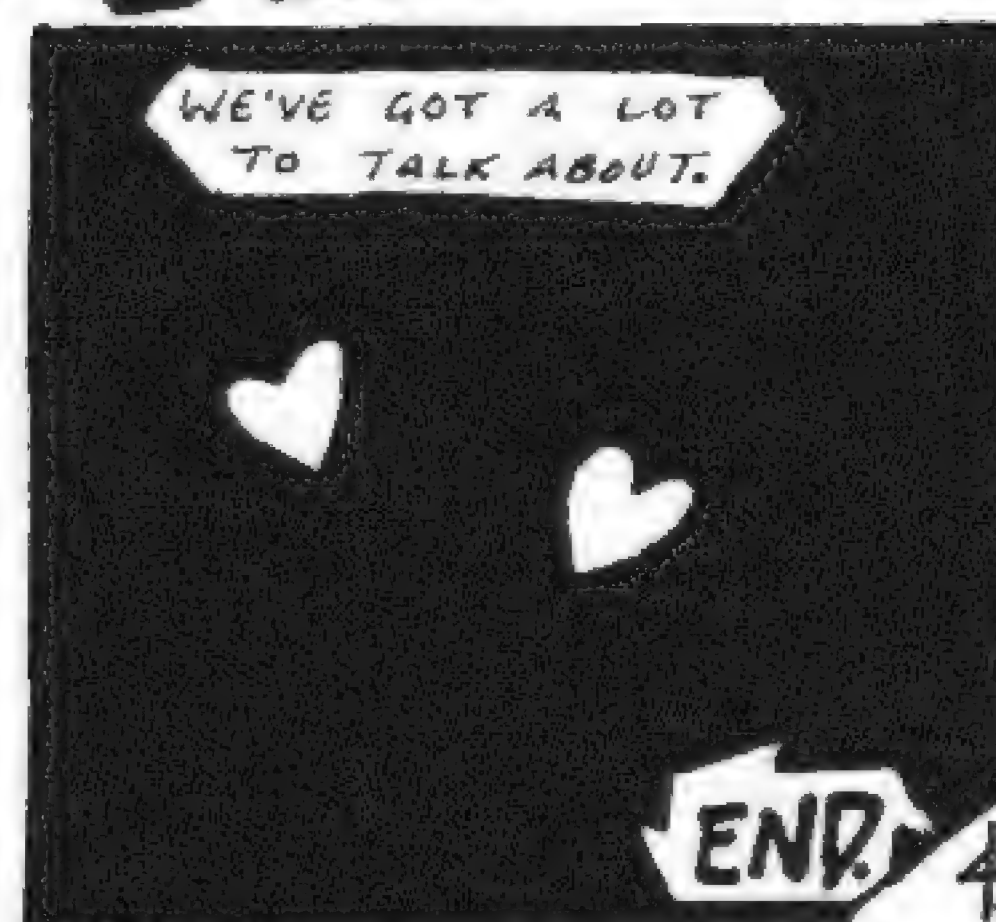
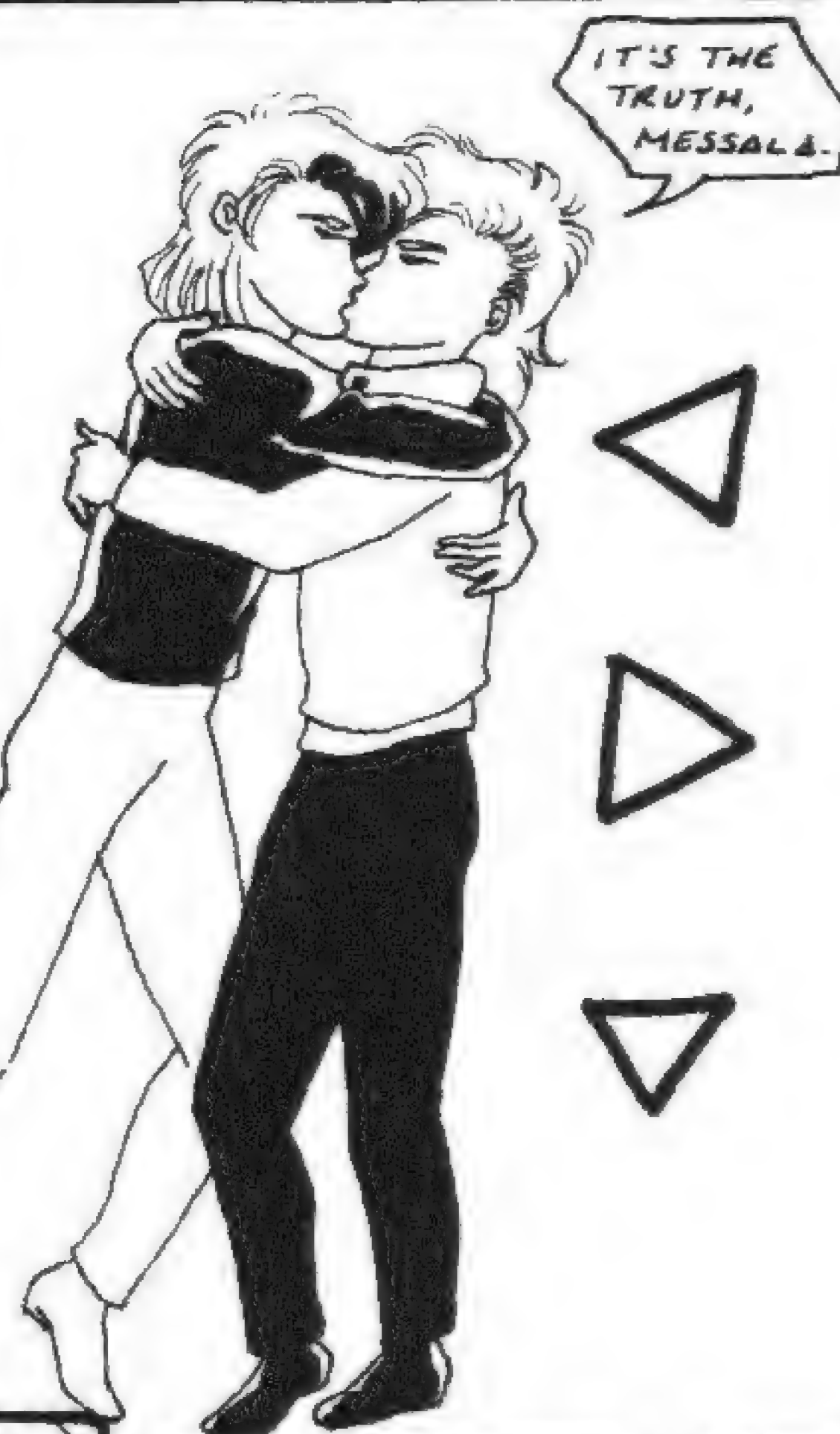


long as I can remember, and have been practicing the Japanese style for 12 years. I've lived in Minnesota all my life, but I've travelled all over the U.S.A. and parts of Europe and Canada.





I love comics, science fiction and music, especially gay anthems and Japanese pop. My comic-artist idols are Trina Robbins, Tavisha Wolfgarth and Jamie Hernandez. I hope you enjoy my comics!







# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BRIAN NORRIS

*ATM Staffer Linda Howard discusses comedy, cereal and Post-It notes with the Georgian comedian/actor/artist/poet/closet office supplies freak*

**Linda Howard: Describe yourself.**

Brian Norris: I'm a cool guy, dedicated to the arts and humanities.

**Modest, too.**

Yeah... very much so. (laughs)

Have you ever noticed how people like to categorize you? That really gets me. I like to think of myself as having more than one aspect.

Right now I'm working on a book of my poetry, writing, a few journal entries. Real spicy stuff, you know — *Dear Journal, stayed at home tonight; played Nintendo.*

Are you familiar with Ralph Waldo Emerson? He went out in the wilderness and kept a journal, called it his nature diary or something. I thought that might be a good idea, but I can just imagine that first entry. "*Day One: What the hell am I doing in the woods?*"

**How's the comedy career going?**

Well, I just drew unemployment... (laughs) I just got back from a gig in Greenville, North Carolina. It's not a big town, but it's nice. I've been doing a lot of colleges lately, since it's fall and all the kids are returning.

**Okay, here's a staff question: what's a queer comedian like you doing in the south?**

Running. (laughs). Actually, I think Atlanta's a good place to be if you're gay and living in the south.

**What about the rest of Georgia?**

Stay away. Stay away and be afraid.

I do a lot of crazy stuff about that on stage. I was thinking about buying a banjo so I could play the theme of *Deliverance*. I like to try anything that's really out there. If I think, "Oh, that's too wild," I want to try it just to confirm, "No, I should not have done that."

**Here's another question from the staff: What's your favorite line to quash a heckler?**

Actually, I don't have a favorite. I have to go by what's going on.

The weird thing is, I don't really have a lot of hecklers. I think that's just because I really go out of my way to involve the audience in what I do. They're an integral part of it. I can tell myself jokes in the mirror all day long, but it's not going to be fun without an audience.

If there's a lot of animosity out there, I can usually feel it and nip it early. For example, if someone holds up a shotgun and says, "I'm gonna kill you, bitch," I can tell they're a little upset.

**Okay — one more staff question: What's your favorite breakfast cereal?**

You guys really need hobbies there, don't you?

This is what I imagine. There's this one guy in the office who's, like, "Ask him if he likes Cocoa Puffs. Ask him, ask him." It's like his whole life predicates on whether Brian Norris likes Cocoa Puffs. And no, for the record, I don't.

**Why not?**

If I can't recognize all of the ingredients on the back panel, I won't eat it.

**What do you want to be when you grow up?**

Funny. (laughs) If I ever grow up. Sometimes I find it hard to believe I'm actually 22.

On the other hand, every so often I tell myself, go out, live a little, and what do I do? I go to an office supply store, buy a lot of pens and paper and stuff. I'm a really wild guy.

I'm addicted to Post-It notes. I stick them on my head. Sometimes I lick them. Actually, I write ideas down on them. I'll just write a line on a Post-It note, and every month I've got a huge stack to go through.

**What kind of computer do you have?**

I don't even know. I had a laptop, and I traded it in for something a little more powerful. I like to think of my comput-



er as the '69 Pinto I never wanted. It's actually worse than one because I'm constantly having to upgrade.

I can tell you what my favorite program is, though. Do you want to know? — **Sure.** — Avery Label Pro.

**You are a really wild guy, you know?**

Yeah. (laughs)

**What do you do with the labels?**

My mailing list. I always have a guest-book at each show for people to write down addresses, death threats... I always do a mailing before I go someplace, so my fans can hear about it ahead of time and get out of town.

**How big is your list now?**

Well, there's my mother... and my sister... I'm looking at about five right now. (laughs) Honestly, I have no idea.

**So what's up with your upcoming show?**

I've got this really cool thing. We put a bunch of farm animals on the stage, I sit there naked, juggle, play the harmonica with my armpit — you're not going to write that, are you?

Actually my show, as opposed to just comedy, has more of an actual theater feel. It won't just be a laugh-a-minute riot; it'll be drama as well. It's a good way for me to get back to my roots. It's where I started from. I've been performing, doing acting and theater, for seven or eight years, probably since before high school.

When it's done, I'm going to premiere it in San Francisco, then try it in Los Angeles and eventually New York. I'm really looking forward to moving.

I haven't moved yet because I'm a perfectionist. I want to work on the show more first. Or maybe I'm just a chickenshit and I'm scared to move. It's a tough decision.

The irony is, I would like to just sell all my stuff, throw what's left in a U-Haul and drive out there, but I know I'd never do it. I'd just stop at all the office stores on the way out there and spend my money on Post-It notes and office supplies. So I'm thinking about flying out, now.

**Now, besides comedy and poetry, you also paint.**

Well, I've got kind of a unique style... I like to paint naked farm animals. You're not going to write that, are you? I love you. I love you, babe —

A lot of my work uses bright colors. It's kind of Picasso-esque. And I also get a lot of inspiration from Andy Warhol.

**What kind of exhibitions do you do?**

I like to bring different artists together as kind of a cooperative. We put the exhibition together and hold it in garages, warehouses — just about any place I can find. Any unconventional spaces, places that are not in use by anyone. It is one of those things that takes a little clout to do, because most artists are hypnotized into believing that in order to be successful as an artist you go to a gallery.

It's better than a gallery. With a gallery, you get exposure, but you're going to your competition for

that exposure. I'd rather involve the community in what I do. It puts the artist in a position of power rather than a position of need.

I want to do the same thing in San Francisco, because I feel there are more artists out there, and more people willing to take the chance. I've always been one of those I'm-gonna-do-it-my-way type of guys. Although I think McDonald's stole that slogan from me. Or maybe it was Burger King?

**Say something funny.**

People always say that. You know what I get more than the "Say something funny"? I always get the one drunk man coming up to me after the show going, "Hey, man, I've got a joke for you." And it's always the same joke every other drunk man told me at every other show. I'm convinced that it's a gate to hell, with Satan coming over the loudspeaker going, "Hey, man, I've got a joke for you..."

(pauses) That's pretty funny, isn't it? I've got to put that in the act — let me get a Post-It note...

*Brian Norris is currently working the east coast and colleges around the country. He hopes to get his show on the road to San Francisco during the first half of 1998.*

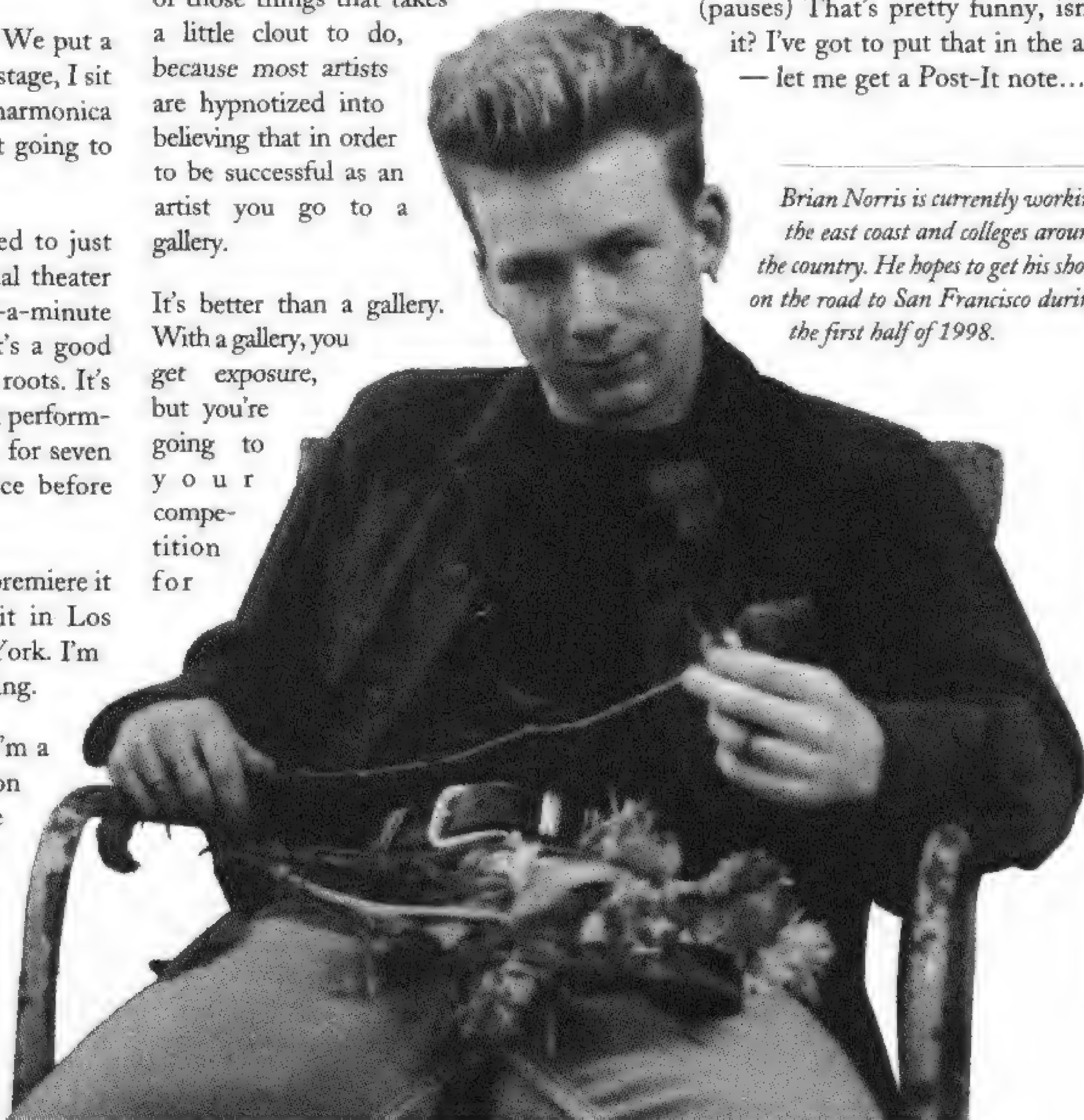
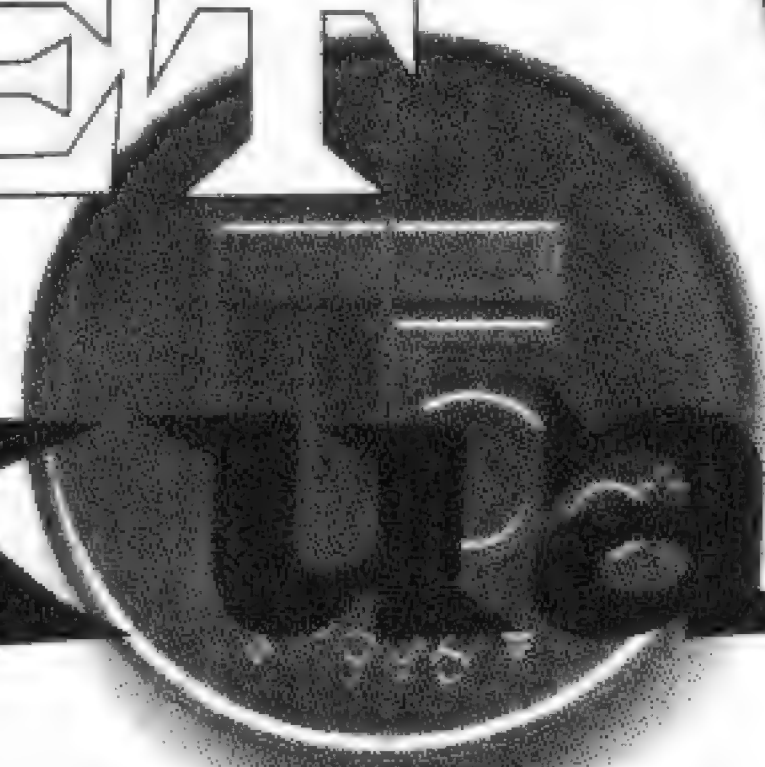


Photo and caricature compliments of Groovy Cheese Productions.



# The SECRET Bisexual



by Fritz Klein  
photos by Amy Conger

**I** only have one addiction — I am a Dutchaholic. Although maybe some people would also say that I am addicted to good sex. While New York is my home and contains more queers than any other city, Amsterdam is a gay man's heaven and all the world's queerdom flocks there for their vacations and holidays.

It's not only the gay bars, gay hotels and gay bath houses that I love. What is just as important is that Holland has a myriad of canals, bicycles by the thousands and tulips by the millions. Yes, I'm in love with all things Dutch — and I'm a sucker for their men.

It is not surprising therefore that I came here on my holiday. Arriving early in the morning at Schipol airport, I immediately ensconced myself in my favorite gay hotel, Hotel Unique. Situated right off Leidesplaats (gaydom's Mecca), it has two pleasant hosts that cater to all of our queer brethren's wants and desires, from providing condoms and lube in each room to allowing tricks in your room and being only charged for an extra breakfast (assuming your visitor stayed that long).

After unpacking, I made a bee-line to the Van Gogh museum, which I always visit when I'm here, and walked the afternoon along the canals. For my afternoon cup of delicious Dutch coffee I stopped in a "coffee bar." There I purchased a 25-cent bag of grass (you guessed it — another great Dutch treat).

After dinner at my favorite Indonesian restaurant (having the *reistafel* of course), I visited "my" bar, Havana. Not only do the tourists frequent it, but so do many gay men from Amsterdam itself — in other words, it's a great place to meet new guys. Plunking myself down in the only empty booth,

I ordered a *jong genever* from the handsome young waiter (it was that or Heineken, and as I wanted to celebrate my first night in Dutch paradise by getting more than a bit high, I chose the stronger of the two).

From the bar, a wonderful-looking Dutch man in his early 40s gave me the once-over. Even though I had been in the queer scene for only five years, having come out at the late age of 25, the universal gay-bar pickup-stare was by now obvious to me.

"You're American, aren't you?" he said in a perfect English accent as he stopped at my booth on the way back from the toilet. His smile was awesome.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"With your jeans and bolo tie, it was not too hard to guess," he answered. With his hand, he silently questioned if it was all right to sit down. I nodded my head. He slid in beside me quite naturally and once again smiled.

I was a goner. That smile, that Dutch face with its typical sexy nose, his short blond hair and his obviously well-muscled body all made me into a ball of sexual putty in his hands.

It wasn't too long before our legs touched. Neither Jaap nor I backed off. He smiled again. I shyly responded in my typical fashion, brushing back my wavy, dark brown forelock.

He looked at my hand and hair. "I'd love to do that to you, Joe."

"Uh... eh — sure," I stuttered.

He not only tousled my hair but slowly put his face closer to mine until he was just a hair's breath away from my mouth,



then waited to see what I would do. I moved that millimeter. We kissed passionately, oblivious to the side glances and open stares around us.

"Would you like to come back to my place?" he suggested. "My car is just three blocks away and I live about 15 minutes out of town."

I didn't want to stutter again, so I just nodded my head. We left without finishing our drinks, having other things on our minds.

In the car, Jaap told me he lived along a dike in a converted windmill — or better put, in a windmill that he as an architect had restored and made into his home. My testosterone rose to a new all-time high. *I'm going to make love in a windmill with a gorgeous Dutch man*, I thought hungrily. My cock took an extra lurch.

I stared long and hard at the windmill vanes when we arrived at his house. He opened the door and we made our way to the bedroom. Slowly we undressed, making sure each had a good look at the other's body. Then he turned off the nightstand light. I thought nothing of it.

He got on top and held me tight. Kissing me with both lips and tongue, he held my head between his strong hands. Thus distracted, I did not hear the door open. The first I knew that someone else was in bed with us was when I felt the mattress give on one side from that person's weight.

**W**ell, I said to myself, a threesome. I wondered who the other man was — probably his lover. I extended my arm, never imagining I'd be feeling the firm, full breast of a woman.

That got to me. I untangled myself from Jaap and sat up.

"Joe, I'd like to introduce to you Hanne, my wife," he said, then continued. "Hanne, this is Joe."

"But I never slept with a woman before — it's too... I'm just not attracted — I didn't think..."

I didn't know what to say. On one hand, I was gay. I'd never had sex with a woman. On the other hand, knowing that Jaap

was bisexual turned me on — a lot! I was not surprised that he hadn't told me before. He couldn't know how I'd react.

"Joe, there is no pressure for you to do anything. Sorry for not telling you before. It's just that Hanne and I have a clear understanding. The only men I have sex with are those here in our bed. Hanne can watch us, or you can watch while she and I get it on. Or you can join both of us. Whatever you want is fine."

While talking, he had taken my hand and placed it on his well-shaped, hard and uncut cock (a foreskin being yet another great Dutch treat). Well, I thought. I want sex. I want that cock. So why not? I started to stroke it.

Hanne turned the small light on and I saw that she was as beautiful as Jaap was handsome.

"Go on, suck on her breasts. She loves it," he coaxed as he started to stroke my hard cock and play with my balls. I'm usually passive and do what my partner wants, so I followed his orders. Next thing I remember, Jaap was kissing me passionately while Hanne sat on my cock. It was my very first time in a woman. Then Jaap stuck his dick in my mouth while I continued to fuck his wife.

You get the picture. I enjoyed myself that night like never before. There was nothing the three of us didn't try. All sorts of positions... innumerable pleasures. Very little sleep and many orgasms later, he drove me back to my hotel in the early morning hours.

That day, I began thinking about who I really was and wasn't. I still do so, a week later.

When I return to New York, I will not tell my gay friends about this change in myself. They just would not want to understand.

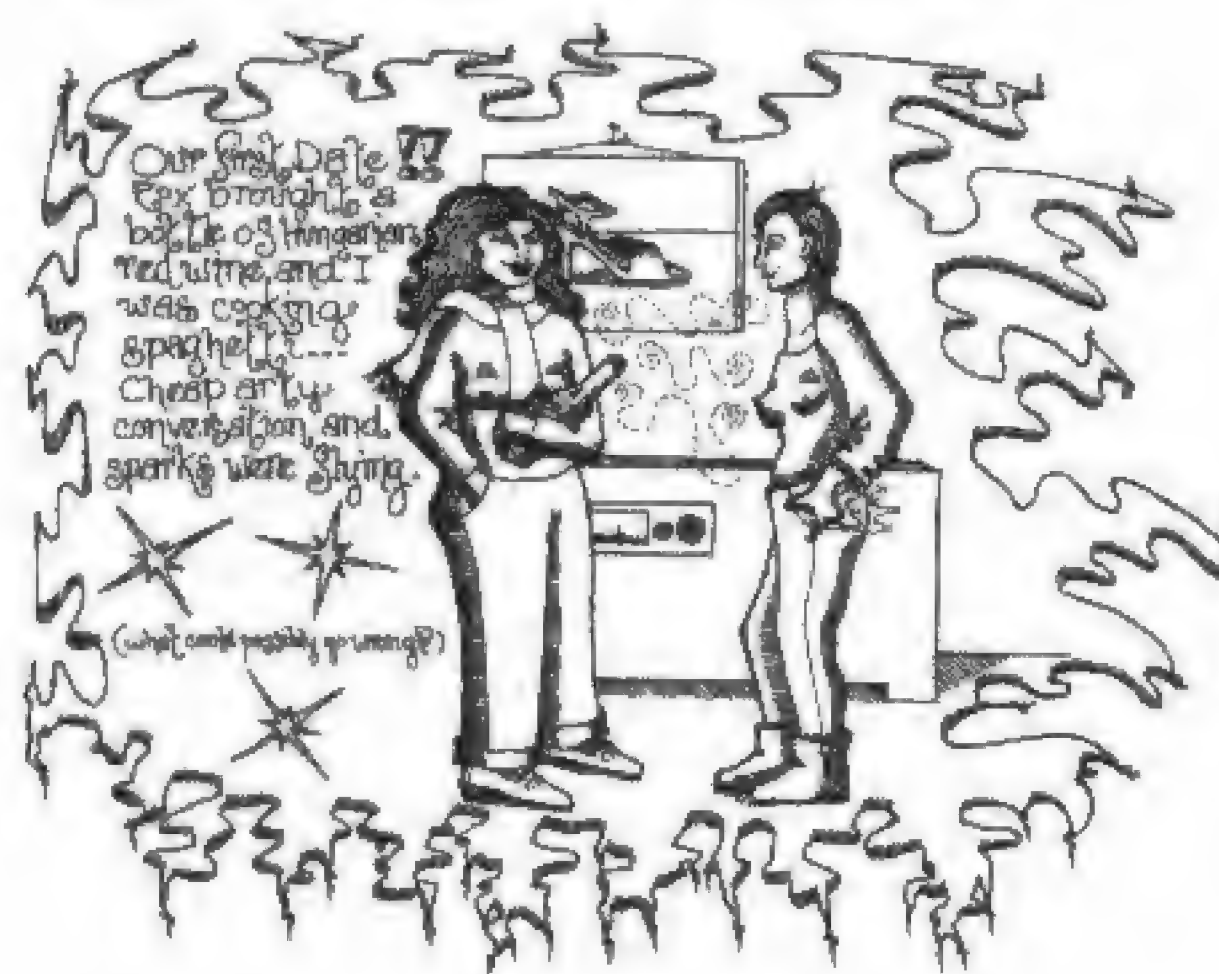
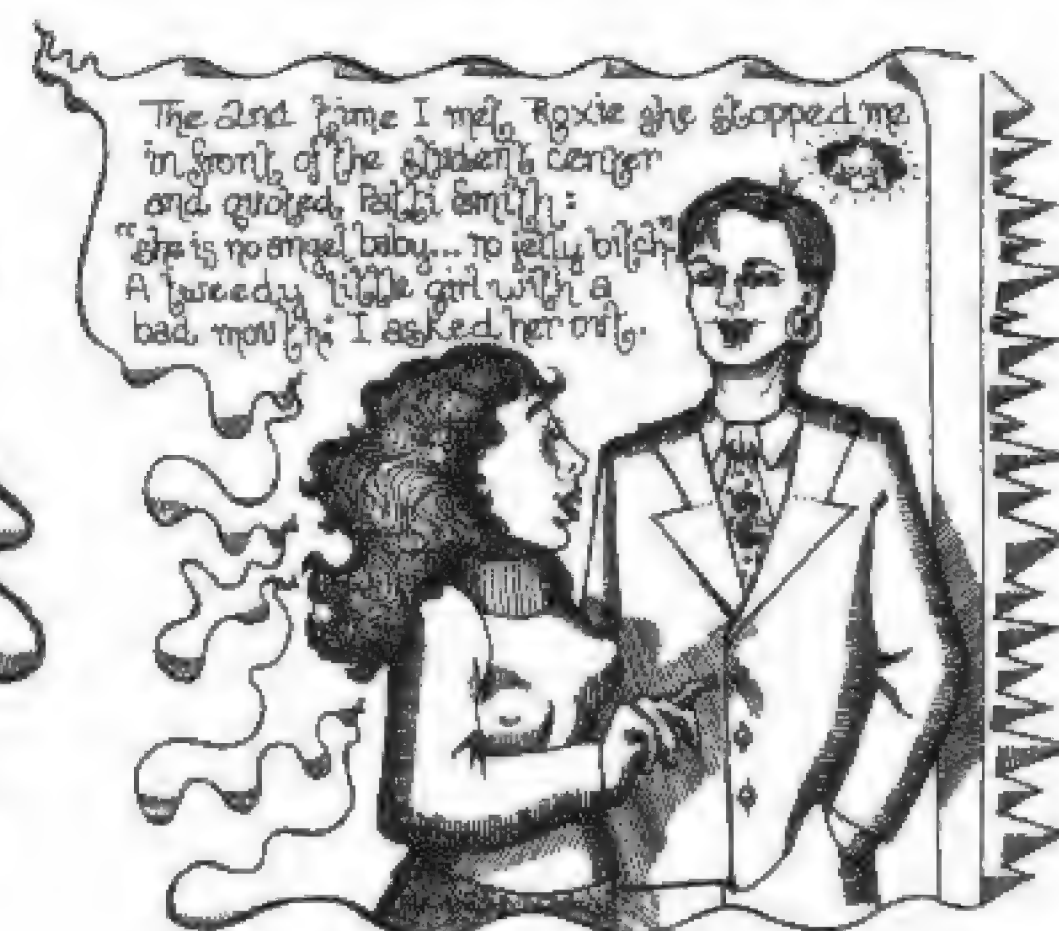
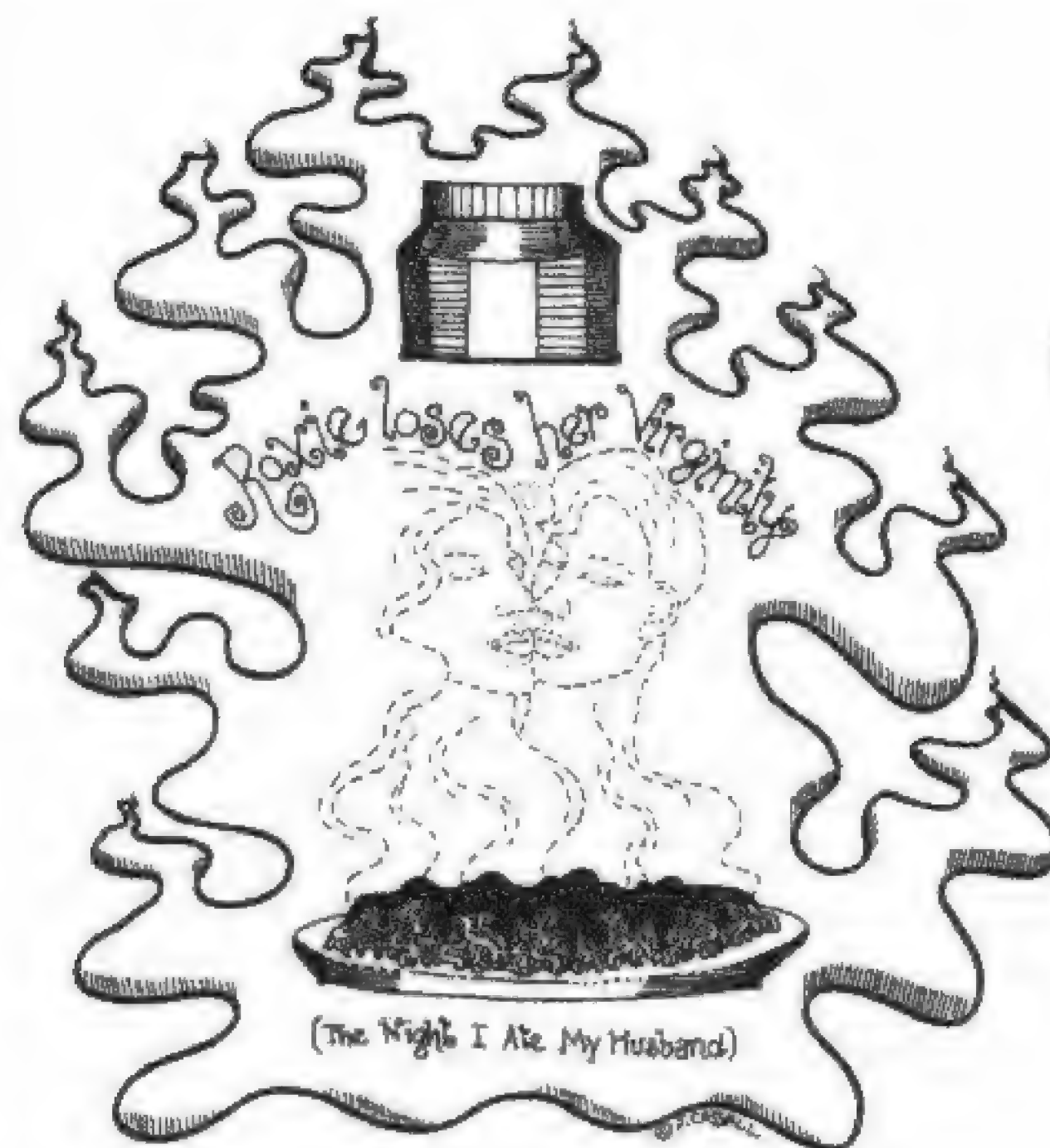
Jaap is a secret bisexual.

He is not the only one.

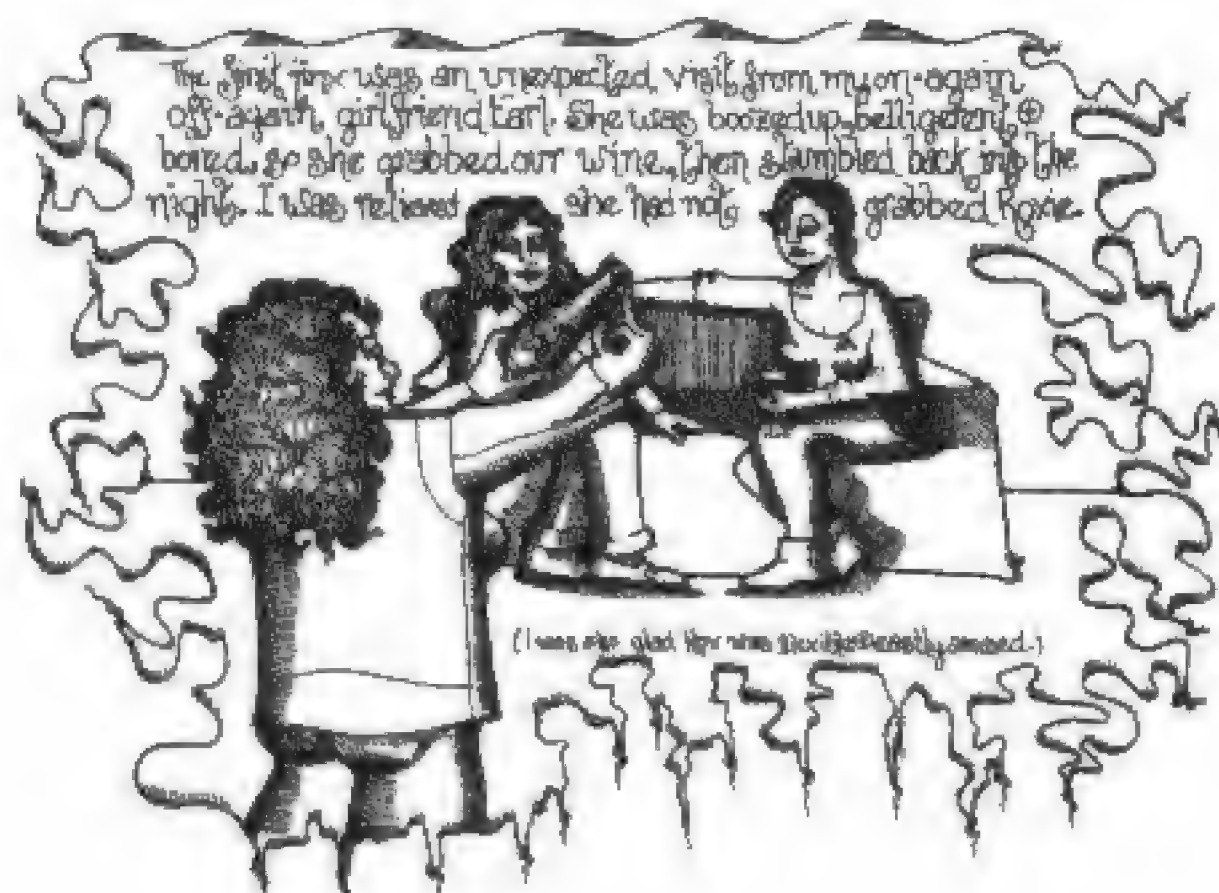
Fritz Klein is the author of the ground-breaking book *The Bisexual Option*, and also is editor of *Two Lives to Lead: Bisexuality in Men and Women*.



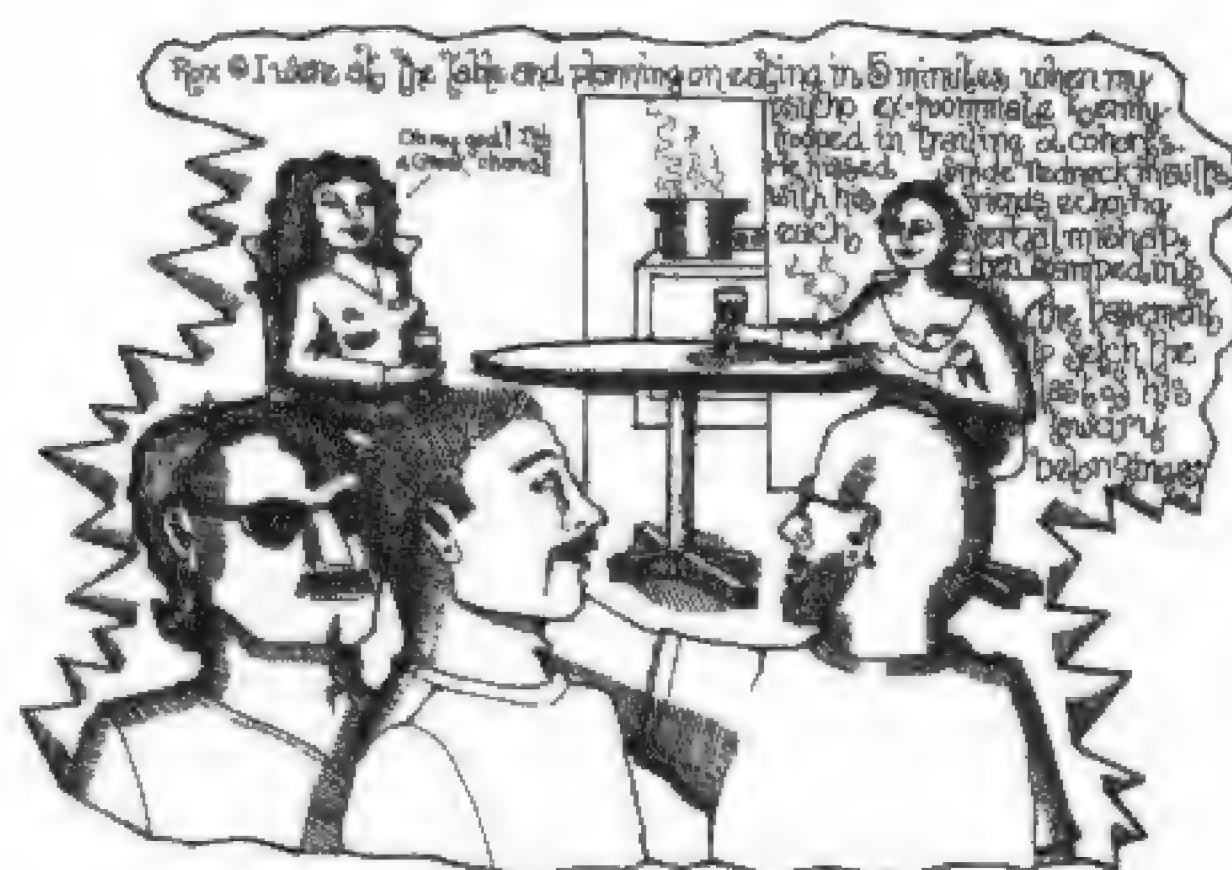
I have been painting  
autobiographically  
for the past ten years  
or so, and began car-  
tooning a year ago  
partially in response  
to people who'd raise  
their brows, ask  
about the stories  
behind the paintings,  
then discreetly back  
away from me like I  
was a poisonous  
snake. I have been  
bisexual since I was  
eleven, except for the  
week after I left my  
second husband.  
I tried to be a lesbian,  
but did not succeed.



I was **HOT** for Roxie... she was an Irish-American journalist + serious in an indirect manner. She had an English-Fris-Gesbian expatriate air... a mix of Romaine Brooks + Djuna Barnes. Tweeds, an inkling of dissipation, and a look of faintly flipping sideways. Plus she was a smart aleck with freckles. It seemed like all I could ever want at the moment.   
\*fabulous painter from the 20s/30s \*\*author of Nightwood (1938)



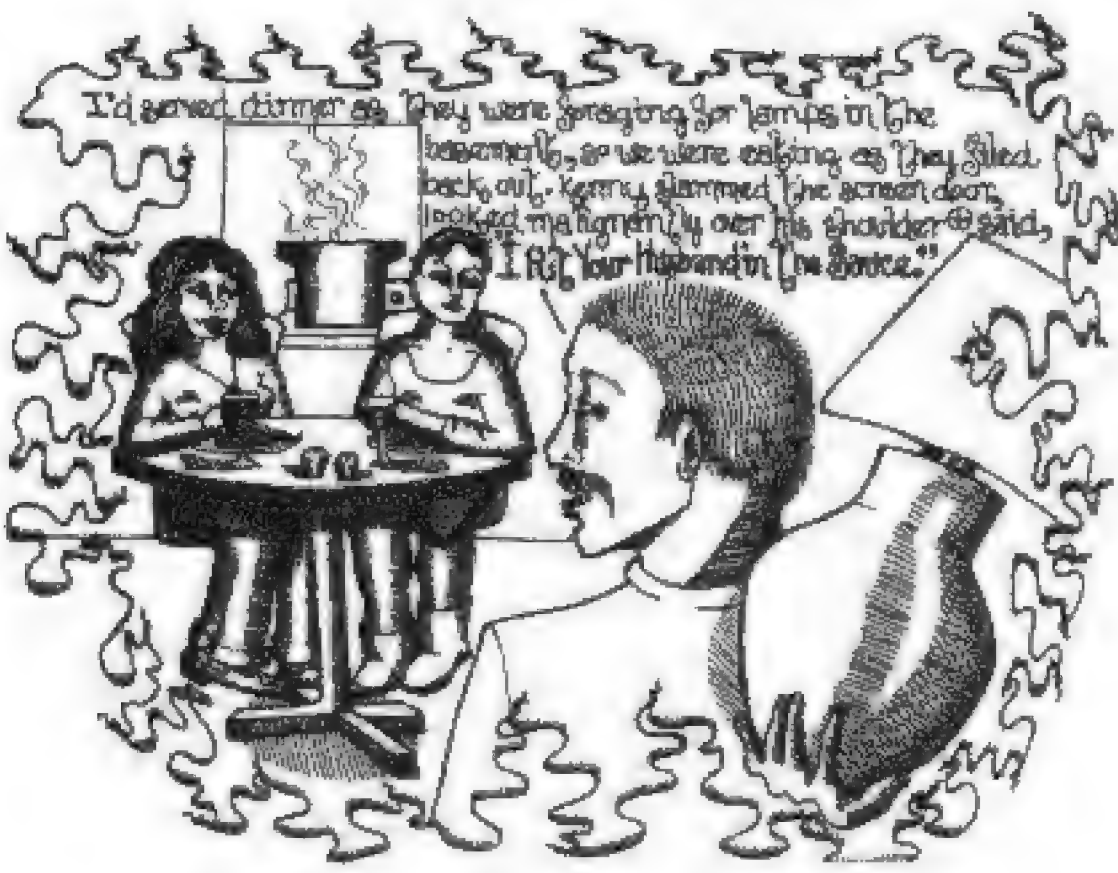
Earl had moved in with Douche. Earl and I would trade off with who was in love with whom... currently I was awash with disdain for her boozey, suicidal dramatics. She was drowning her pain in Douche's arms, etcetera. I ached to drown myself between D's thighs, and finally did so that winter.



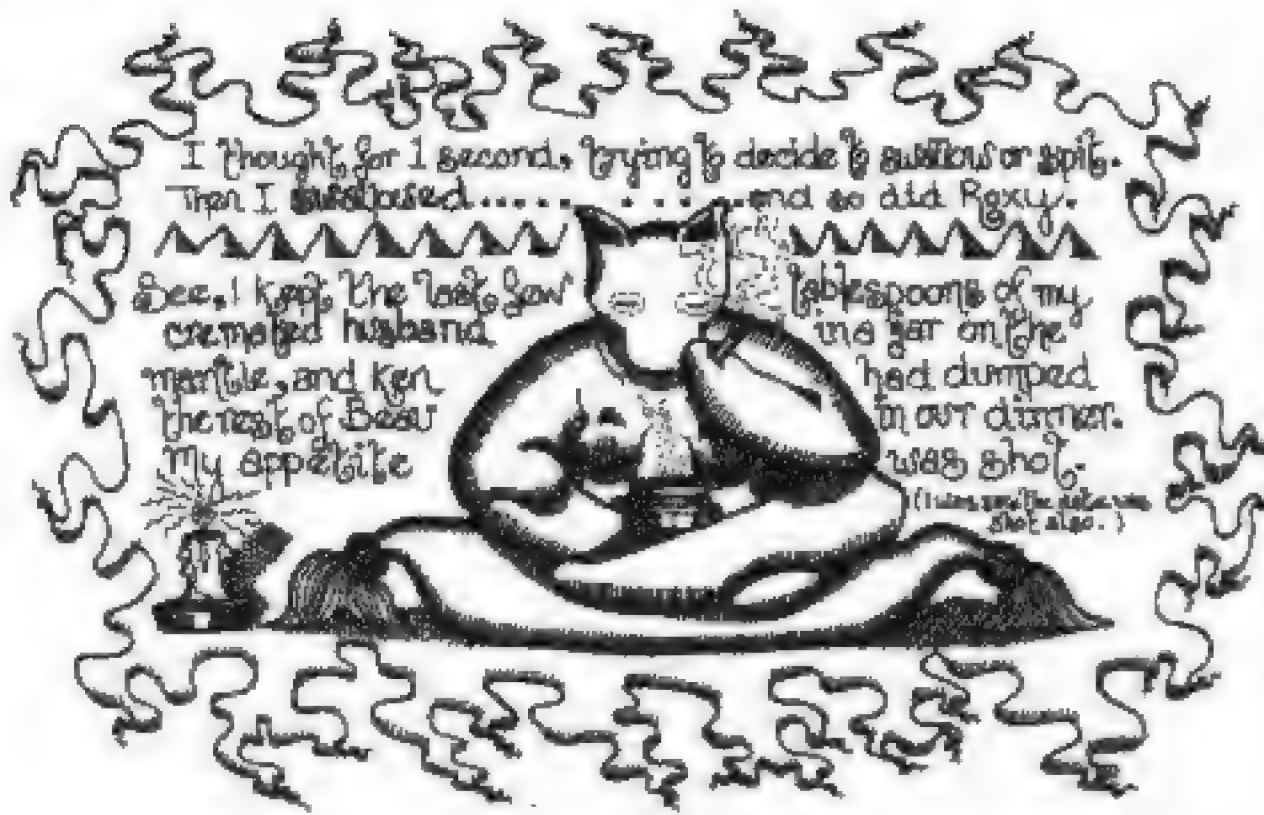
OH, Kenny! Kenny had been both my roommate and my boss. I ended up booting him out when I'd come home + he'd unscrewed all 100 of the house's light bulbs, believed he was a rabid cat and was nipping at Earl's ankles in the garage... it could have been the MP's, but I think it was his brain. He'd hired me as a clerk when I was fresh from quitting art school, a single mother and a kiddie alcoholic. I spent my time sealing lit-cum-shots magazines, making change and reading "Crime-Finishment!"



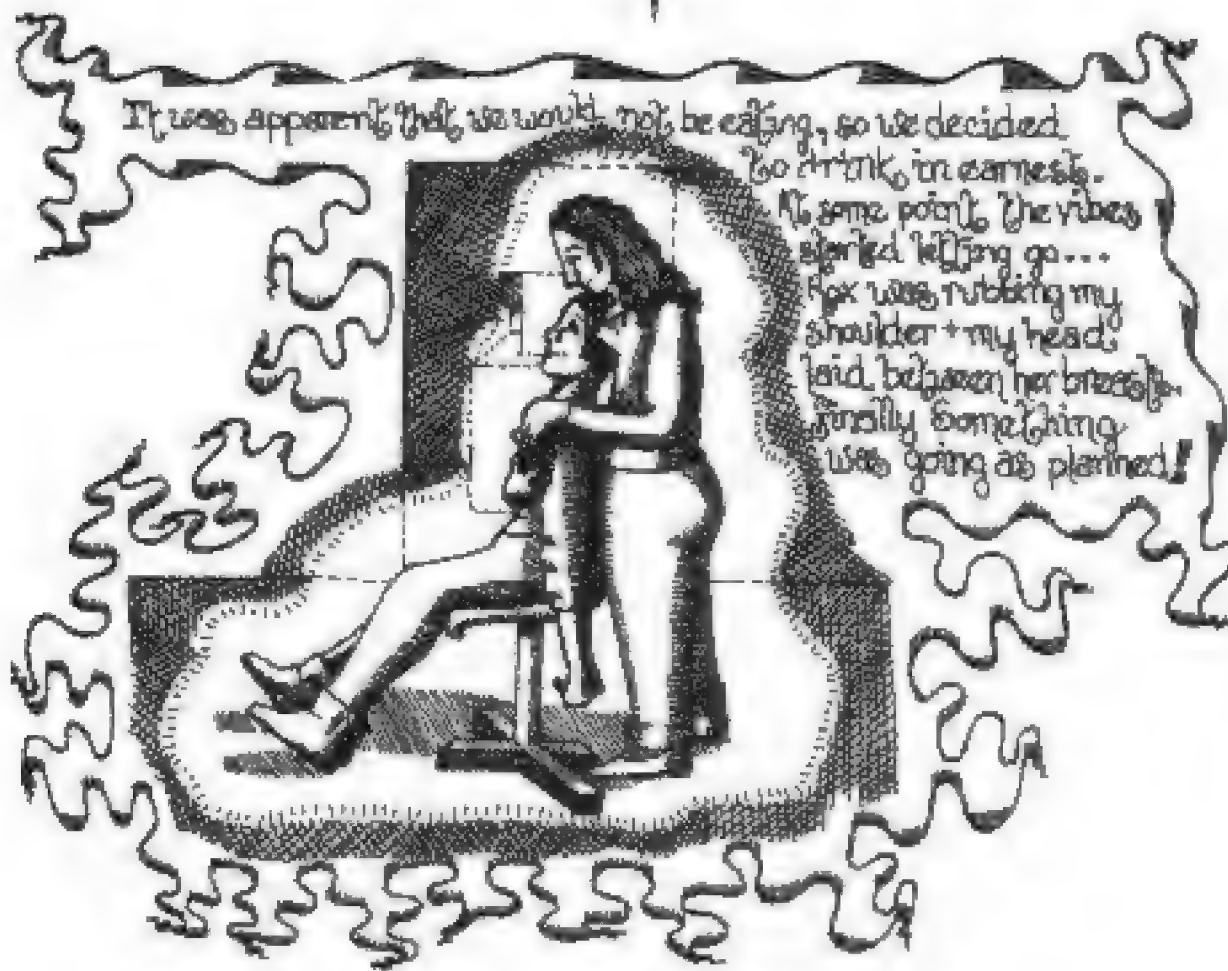
# James Cassell Summer



I'd saved dinner as they were searching for lamps in the basement, so we were eating as they filed back out. Kenny slammed the screen door, looked magnificently over his shoulder & said, "I got your husband in the sauce."



I thought for 1 second, trying to decide if I should spit. Then I subsided..... and so did Roxie. See, I kept the last few creamed husband marbles, and Ken the rest of Beau's my appetite. (I was sure the date was shot also.)



It was apparent that we would not be eating, so we decided to drink in earnest. At some point the vibes started letting go... Rox was rubbing my shoulder + my head laid between her breasts. Finally something was going as planned!

I was so relieved that the Rox was chipper! The lights were low, Ella was crooning about the mystery of love, Rox gave a great rubdown, soft~shuffle, and all-around grope, and the sordid immediate past~tinged by cannibalism and jealousy~was a far away memory. *\*Kiss\* Kiss\* Kiss\**

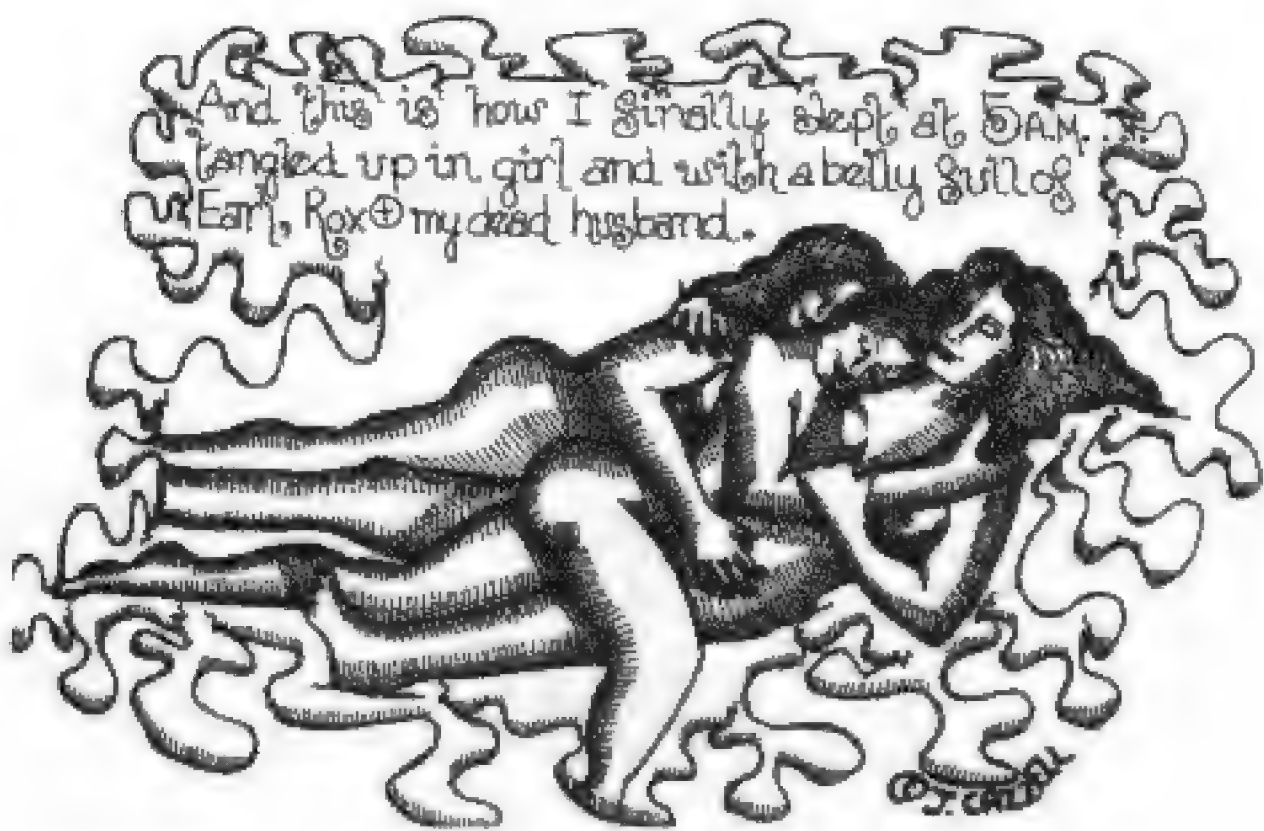


We fell to the floor and had gotten half undressed... the room exploded into light and an enraged Earl. She bellowed, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Rox looked up, sighed and whispered, "I'm sorry, Earl."

(Earl got her knees to kiss us both.)

This was a bad moment... Earl was a brawler and a lover by trade, a flexible little hustler who enjoyed one as well as the other. I was afraid that since she wasn't getting the *way* she'd go for the *way*. As it turned out, Roxie was terrific at quick thinking on her back, so when she looked up at Earl's dark face + clenched fists and sultrily commanded, "Kiss Me You Fool", Earl's lips parted and she obeyed.



And this is how I finally slept at 6 A.M. tangled up in girl and with a belly full of Earl, Rox & my dead husband.

This ended up being the last of my husband's burnt bones & flesh, and the start of Roxie's love-bean-ism. She told me later that it was the first time she'd ever kissed a girl, let alone two... overdone husbands in the sauce, saved up over the top jealous lovers and nasty ex-roommates did not save the Rox one iota... it appeared to only *Whet Her Appetite.*



# erika lopez



Photo by Sandra May

Erika Lopez is an almost-30 cartoonist who rode a cheap bike across America last year and who shares motorcycles, post offices, and the search for a half-Puerto Rican Quaker bisexual role model in common with Tomato Rodriguez, the heroine of Erika's graphic novel, *Flaming Iguanas: An Illustrated All-Girl Road Novel Thing*.

Erika's work appears in the *San Francisco Bay Times*. She has been a two-time discipline winner of Pew Fellowships for both fiction and art, and has also won a fiction

award from the Pennsylvania Council of the Arts. She divides her time between Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Erika's career has taken off so fast that she didn't have the time or energy to provide original work for this issue. However, she did give us permission to reprint one of her earlier works, which we did (right). "Gemini" is part of the comic collection she published earlier this year, entitled *Lap Dancing for Mommy*, published by Seal Press (800-754-0271).

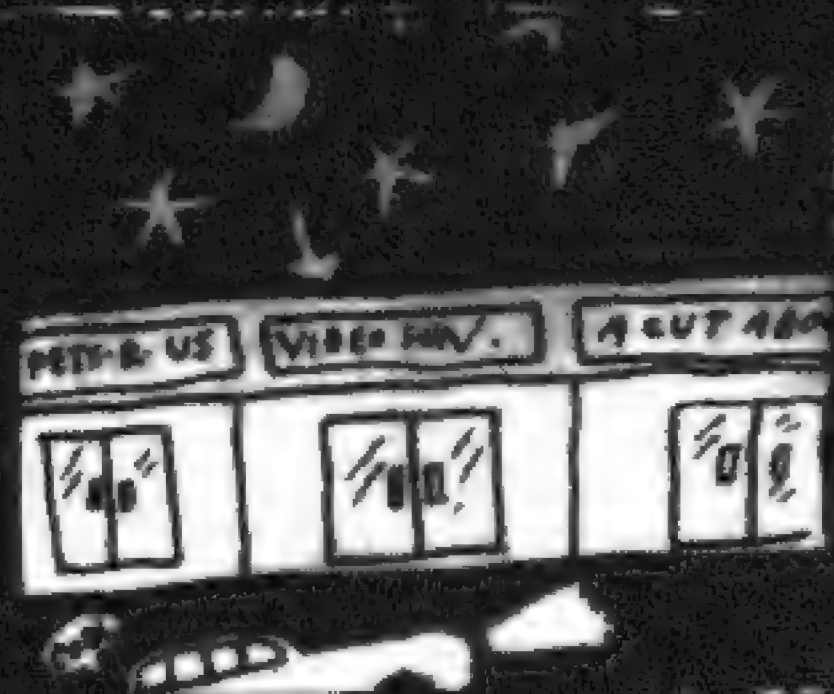
GIDDEE YUP.



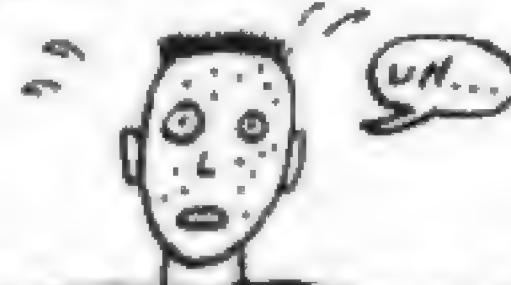
# PORN MOVIE REVIEW OF "Gemini" → A gay boy porn

no family should be without

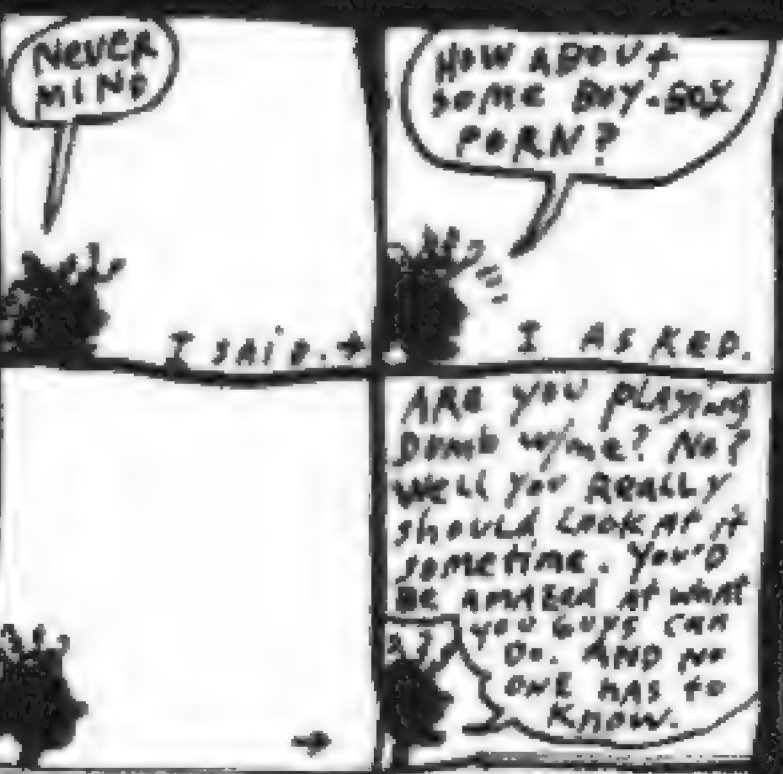
When I was in Arizona a few weeks ago, my friends and I went to the video store for a good PORN MOVIE after the AL-ANON meeting.



I asked the pimply-faced guy in the back porn room for a good girl-girl movie. or one w/ excellent lesbian scenes

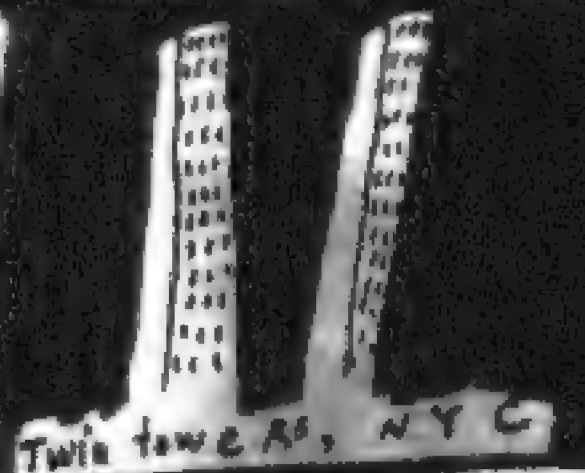


He showed us some video covers where the girls were like:



w/ no help from MR. Little Boring Straight Boy, we found the only one in the ROOM...

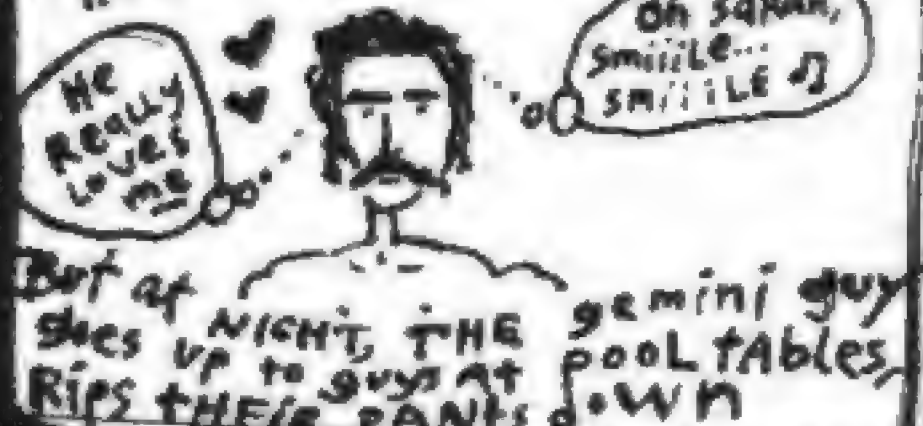
it was called, "GEMINI"



It was made in the '70s w/ music by the Bee Gees and Pink Floyd ("Welcome to the Machine" & "Wish You Were Here"). I think there was a transistor radio in the background.



it was called Gemini because the story's about a guy who, by DAY, is a faithful, kind, monogamous man in love with a guy who looked like the guy from "HALL & OATS."



AND fucks them.



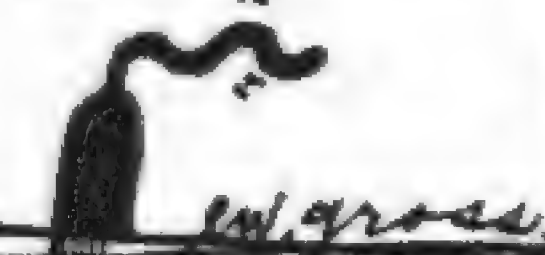
I'M SURE WE ALL KNOW SOMEONE exactly like this, but we won't mention NAMES, WILL WE?

Gemini is a gritty, cinéma vérité kind of porn movie. Highlights: ANAL close-ups lit up with 800-watt lights

and the Glory Hole in one scene has a moustache drawn over it



It was squishy + sticking to the chair like a suction cup until Gemini-boy picks up a hustler guy, ties him up and pulls a black rubber worm out of his penis.





# provincetown

by Mary Leary

Bevies of bronzed boys  
lift and lower  
themselves onto  
towels carefully while  
tight striped thongs slingshot big, nervous bees to the  
water and back in  
short, preening dances.  
The colors are

stimulating, if a little too  
marketed, predictable:  
rainbow flags, bubblegum triangles. Still  
there's a  
monkish austerity to tight  
brown buns on pristine white towels.  
The controlled air  
bristles;  
air pockets flirting in a precise  
hieroglyphic code  
with each other, and I wish  
every one of these guys would get laid  
'cause they're acting uptight as Nancy Reagan right  
after a face lift. The lesbians

are looser, messier despite their own giggly  
tension: a lifetime's shy  
joy and  
eroticism squeezed into  
cut-offs, beer, sprouts, pita and husky  
voices sprawled  
over towels, singing  
out from tape decks. But  
there's a sameness that  
depresses, makes me want to turn onto  
my stomach, then:

three women running like stallions, wild,  
hair whipping the  
salt air, bangs falling  
over eyes. These are the ones who make  
my mouth wet; these and my  
grandmother, once, curiously: all 160 puffy  
pounds of her, her cornflower  
eyes shining as she cackled of cabbages and  
kings, her voice raining on me like this cool

shower, licks of sun still  
touching my shoulders; best  
thing about the beach except the  
smooth, slithery hand of evening;  
a caravan of  
salted bodies gliding  
through sunset to  
beach encampments:  
white sheets, grilled tomatoes, moon  
grinning and prowling like a  
dog above us.

*Mary Leary is a California poet.  
This poem marks her first appearance on  
the pages of Anything That Moves.*





Part one, Part the other:

# BILL DAWSON

I don't know what I am, but I am a completely unreconstructed and unapologetic version of whatever that is. I make my living designing and constructing jewelry and hollowware, and at other odd jobs like cashiering at the Food Co-op, helping to repair old houses, or removing curses from things. However, what I really "am" is, for now and I hope shall remain, undecided.

I've been making art of some kind almost as long as I can remember, and I can remember learning to walk. I have done paintings, sculpture, jewelry, music, martial arts, and yes, cartoons.

Labels are for cat food. When someone asks if I am bisexual, I tell them, "I'm sexual." Sexuality is a continuum; deep down, I think only a very few people are really straight, or really gay. Most of us, I think, fall somewhere in between, and it doesn't matter where. I am, myself, on the straighter end of the spectrum, finding more women attractive than men. However, I don't want the expression of my feelings to be abridged by the way I am identified. And that's also how I feel about art - I don't want to be seen as a painter or as a musician. I simply want to be the best me that I can.

In case anyone out there hasn't yet noticed in previous issues of ATM, my three reoccurring characters, James, Margot and Tom, are a triangle. They do things as a threesome, as three distinct couples, and as three independent individuals. None are based on my friends or on myself, but the situations they find themselves in would seem familiar to most people who know me.

Some people have asked me why I often draw my characters viewed from behind. The simple answer is that I like to look at their butts; however, there is more to it than that. I tend to cast them as observers of the comic cosmic drama, and we are observing them observing the action. I hope my cartoons make people laugh and possibly even think. After all, it is an ill wind that blows no minds.





# CK PENCHANT'S

## ART OF LUSTY ANTHROPOMORPHISM

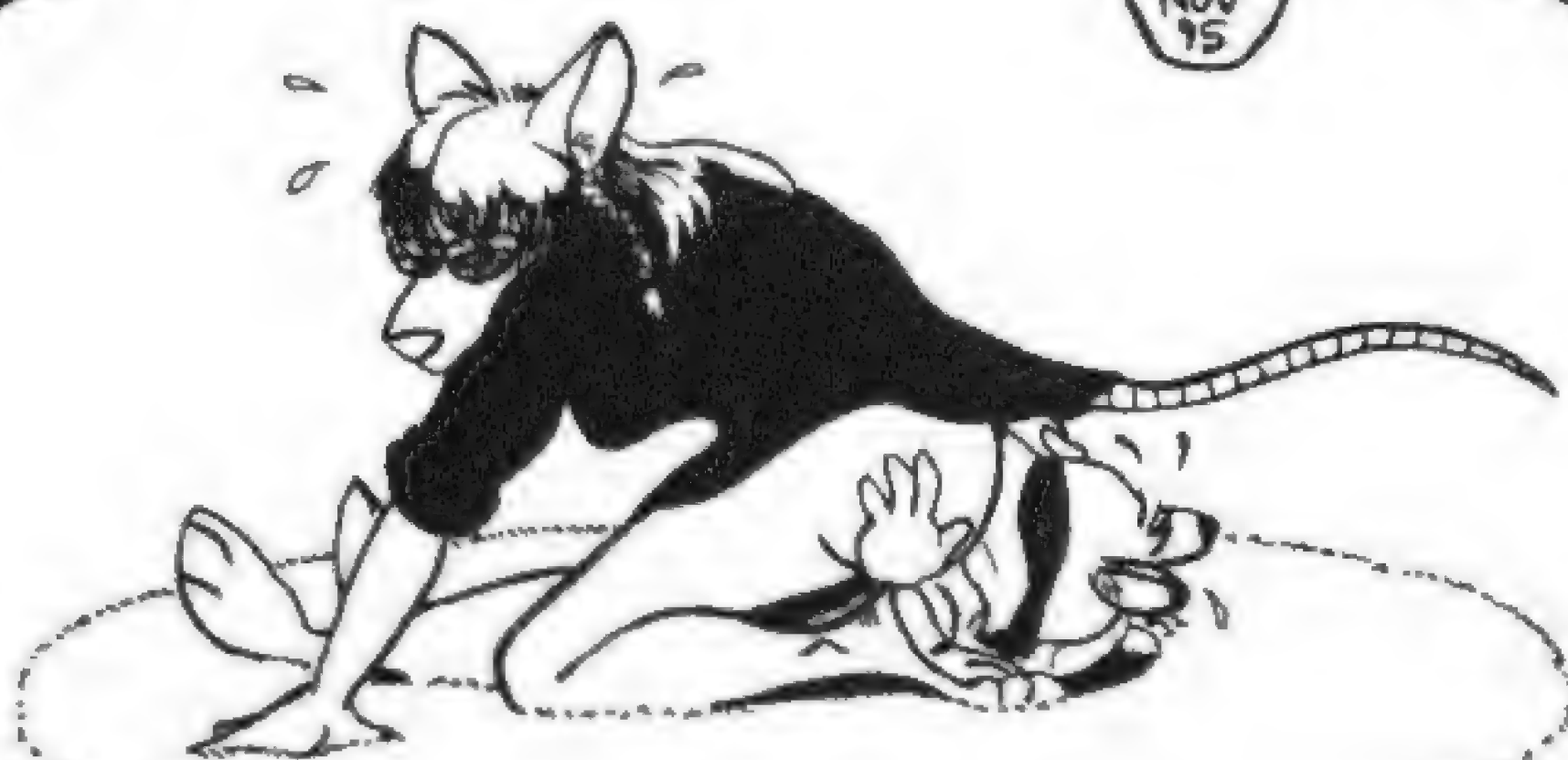


ARTIST'S SELF-PORTRAIT

C.K. PENCHANT IS A  
CARTOONIST, COMICS  
SCRIPTWRITER, MICRO-  
PRESS PUBLISHER AND  
THINKING PERSON'S  
PORNOGRAPHER, CATERING  
TO THE DISCRIMINATING  
FAN OF QUEER ANTHROPO-  
MORPHICS.

CURRENTLY, C.K. IS  
EDITING THE ANTHOLOGY  
COMIX 'ZINE *FREEBOP:*  
*NEW FURRY CARTOON*  
*FICTION FOR NOVEMBER*  
RELEASE FROM:

THE RUNNING DOG PRESS  
P.O. BOX 3442  
OAKLAND, CA 94609-0442









# OUT TO EACH OTHER

## *Finding Meaning in the Pauses in Between*

by Jeff Gingerich

I was 35 years old when I met Teddy, who was then 31 — old enough for both of us to be somewhat set in our ways, but at the same time, sufficiently mature and experienced that we never really expected that our relationship would always be conflict-free. From the first, there was a mutual respect for the opinions, tastes, privacy, and overall individuality of the other, and a recognition that differences, and even flaws, were going to be a part of the package.

We weren't kids in love, closing our eyes and hoping that time and wishing would transform our lives into a storybook adventure, but trusting and respectful adults who fell in love and decided to share a real life together.

We were both serving on active duty in the Navy. She had been in for about seven years, and I for sixteen. It was my last duty station before retirement, and I remember going there with the intention of just putting in my last four years, keeping a low profile, and avoiding any serious relationships or other entanglements. My post-Navy plans were sketchy, with "running away to join the circus" somewhere near the top of the list.

My plan to remain aloof and uninvolved was effectively scuttled on my third day at the command, when Teddy — 5'2", dungaree-clad, and cuter than anyone in a Navy uniform had any right to be — walked into the room. We were married six months later.

Very soon after we'd begun dating, Teddy had mentioned to me that she had many gay friends. She had made a point of asking whether I had a problem with that, having heard more than one "macho" Navy guy's less-than-positive opinion of gays and lesbians. I assured her that I was very supportive of gay rights, had known several gay men in the military (who I

believed had every right to be there) and that she need not concern herself that I was in any way homophobic.

The discussion ended there. In a remarkable foreshadowing of the military's "don't ask, don't tell" policy, neither of us brought up the subject of any personal experiences or desires, and no such information was volunteered.

Over the years, our extensive library grew to contain a number of books dealing with gay, lesbian and bisexual issues, some hers, some mine. I read, and highly recommended to her, Randy Shilts' *Conduct Unbecoming*, and she reciprocated with Candace Gingrich's *The Accidental Activist*. No thought was ever given to having to justify the presence of these books in our home, or our interest in them. We had gay friends, after all, and we were both very concerned with social justice for all people. It was only natural that we would have and read these kinds of books.

Our conversations concerning gays and lesbians consisted mostly of brief exchanges in reaction to stories in the news — gays in the military, gay marriage legislation, or lesbian mothers losing custody of their children. Aside from a few expressions of same-sex fantasies, spoken in the heat and passion of lovemaking, that was about as personally revealing as any of our conversations had ever gotten.

Just a couple of social liberals sittin' around talking.

Fast forward seven years. We have a daughter and a son, and live in Phoenix, Arizona, where Teddy grew up. Both of us work full-time, and live for the precious few hours we are able to spend together as a family.

One evening, shortly before her 39th birthday, Teddy told me that she had something serious to discuss. We were lying



in bed, relaxing in the semi-darkness, a cat or two at our feet, relishing the uncommon luxury of an adult conversation without distraction or urgency.

"Sure," I responded. "What is it?"

"I feel a strong attraction toward women as well as men," she told me, simply. "I've felt this way most of my life. I need to know how you feel about that."

My response was immediate and unequivocal. I said I was very happy for her. I told her I understood perfectly that there were things, especially in the physical realm, that a woman could offer her that I was not able to, and that I really had no problem with that, nor did I feel any threat or jealousy. I told her that I would support her one hundred percent in whatever course she decided to take in exploring her feelings. I don't believe my reaction was any big surprise for her — at least I hope that, after seven years of marriage, she knew me well enough that it wasn't.

On the other hand, *my* big surprise came when she went on to tell me that, although these feelings had been a conscious part of her life for 20 years, she had never been intimate with another woman. I guess I had always just assumed that she — having been a freethinker for most of her adult life, having gone to college, and then spent 10 years in the Navy — had done so at one time or another. The thought had certainly never bothered me... especially in light of my own experience in the realm of same-sex encounters. No doubt those experiences both contributed heavily toward my easy acceptance of Teddy's feelings, and led me to assume that she had already acted upon them as I had acted upon mine.

Had she asked me that night about my own feelings and experiences, I'd have told her the truth without hesitation or anxiety, but, maintaining our long-standing family tradition of respecting one another's privacy perhaps, she didn't ask. I'm not really sure, looking back on our conversation that evening, why I didn't bring it up myself.

Anyway, a few weeks later — same bed, same quiet time of the evening — my wife asked me, "Have you ever thought about being with another man?"

"Well, yeah," I said. "Actually, I've done more than just think about it." And I explained that I'd "been with" other guys at various times from the age of 15 until about two years before we'd met.

For some reason, these connections seemed to have been made about every three years, at least in the early days. The first time was at a New Year's Eve party with a classmate. Then, there was one exciting afternoon and evening in a Pensacola hotel room (my first adult experience) with a young man named Geno. Three years after that, I'd had an encounter with a heavily-tattooed older man in a San Diego health club.

To be honest, with the exception of a brief affair with a fellow sailor when I was 33 and stationed in Hawaii, it was all about sex, with very little or no other feelings involved. There seemed to be times in my life — lonely, isolated times, mostly — when I would be most likely to seek out the company of another man.

I think the decision to do so had more to do with pragmatism than with preference, and with the relative ease with which one could meet another man and become intimate with a minimal investment of time and energy. During at least some of those times, I might actually have preferred to have been with a woman, but simply did not feel up to all of the "work" and rituals of dating. Doubtless I was sometimes guilty of being the sexual opportunist that bisexuals are often accused of being.

But people do mature, if they permit themselves to do so, and nine years before, I had at last come to experience a strong, emotional bond — something that transcended the sexual — with a man, so I knew that it was something of which I was capable.





**T**eddy's reaction to my coming out to her was, of course, positive. In the days that followed, a new life and a fresh spirit of honesty infused our marriage as the knowledge of our shared bisexuality became (and remains) another strong bond between two people who already shared much. I know that one day, my wife, the woman I love above all others, will experience intimacy with another woman, and I have told her that while I enjoy making love to her as a man, I sometimes wish that I could, for a night or a week, be that woman for her as well. Of course, I can't be, but that's okay, too. Our love and commitment are no less secure for that.

In common with many men, the fantasy or depiction of two women together is very exciting to me on a personal, sexual level. While I don't feel the need to apologize for the fact that the idea of my wife being intimate with another woman is extremely arousing to me, I do feel the need to make sure that Teddy understands that my loving and unconditional support for her emerging feelings are not born of some motivation unworthy of my genuine love and caring for her as a person. It may not always be easy for me to separate and compartmentalize these two feelings in my own head, but this should be my problem to deal with, and not hers.

Always an outspoken supporter of gay rights and causes, Teddy has recently begun to be more visible in expressing her own "orientation": a necklace of rainbow-colored rings that she wears to work, copies of gay and lesbian books and magazines read openly in public places, a rainbow decal in the rear window of her car. I'm sure that, given these clues, more than a few people at her work now think of Teddy as "the lesbian in shipping."

This makes company functions to which spouses like myself are invited something of a hoot for me; I often catch her coworkers looking at the two of us oddly, wheels turning audibly behind their faces, rather obviously trying to figure how and where I fit in, so to speak.

Our kids are still pretty young, but even at eight and five, the beginnings of curiosity about "grown-up" matters are evident. Recently, after watching part of a TV movie about a

gay man coming out to his family, they asked me why the people were upset and fighting. I told them, as simply and honestly as I could, that sometimes men fall in love with men and women with women, that these people are called "gay" and that some other people don't understand why this happens and don't like it when it does.

My five-year-old son looked at me, and in a voice somehow both serious and matter-of-fact asked, "Are we gay?" There was no fear in the question, or in his face when he expressed it, simply a desire to know. He might have been asking, "Are we Catholic?"... "Are we white?"... "Are we Irish?"

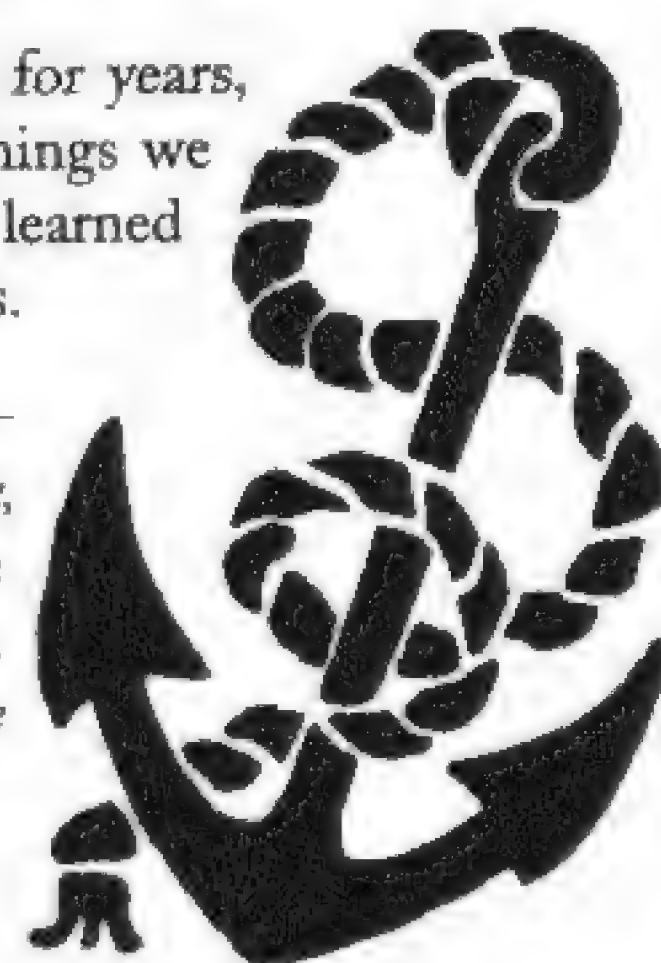
"That's something each person has to find out for themselves when they grow up," I told my son.

The subject of sexuality — of what "we" are — will come up in family discussions again, sooner or later. Someday Teddy and I will be "out" to our kids as well as to one another. They're good, smart kids, and we aren't worried about it.

**T**his entire process of coming out to each other has been, in a sense, unfolding since the first days of our relationship, I think. It's as though the two of us are simply continuing that conversation, begun more than seven years earlier, when she first told me about her gay friends and I assured her that I wasn't a homophobe. Between that first tentative probing and the full opening of our hearts to one another on the subject stretches seven years of learning about one another — learning to listen, to trust, and to care.

Sometimes conversations can go on for years, and many of the really important things we come to know about one another are learned in the long pauses between the words.

*Jeff Gingerich is a 42-year-old Navy retiree, presently working as a court liaison in Phoenix. Having begun writing four novels, his ultimate ambition is to finish at least one of them before he dies.*





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# ALL BI, MYSELF

KATHERINE  
BOUTNIT





# New Orleans

by Alice Blue

Dappled sunlight made hot spots on my tummy. Leaves flickered and twirled above me, the flashes of their revolutions making my eyes ache. A coupla beers and a shot of Jack Daniels boiled in me. I was grumpy. I was twisted and mean with the forces of worked dykehood. I was leather without lace, twisted with spirits. I was one of three bitchin' dykes and two flaming fags set to bruise our knuckles on no one in particular but too tired and hot to move.

The party was only an echo; a hot sun and aquarium weather had bleached Mardi Gras into nothing but die-hard drunks and pathetic cruisers. Our kingdom was a sad willow and the porch of our sad cottage with the thumpa-thumpa of pre-Columbian disco leaking to us from a bar next door. Through the narrow slats in the fence we could see the flashes of the milling, aimless THEM and their funny hats, clever t-shirts, "Show us your tits!" and vomit. We were invisible behind our fence, a wall of hostility and heavy, tired flowers that smelled like very cheap wine. Among us, nothing moved but the flies. Nothing doin' anything except feeling the sun on my warm tummy.

Downy and I shared the nest (a pile of leather jackets on the complaining porch) with a cute girl — (Sal?) I let in because she reminded me of Dixie — and a pair of Jack's friends, a bleached blond ornament and a leather and Crisco-greased Chicago boy. All of us, the boys and the girls, lay in the hot undersea air and watched the world flicker by through a flowers and wine choked fence.

It was hard to say where the undersea climate ended and the penis began. But there it was, round and white like a short slug, on the side of one of the Chicago boy's leather pants. "What do you use that thing for?" Downy asked, feeling it, running fingers over the sticky skin, ringing the head, gently flicking the tight vein underneath.

"Some guys like it sucked. Some like fucking with it," Chicago said in a heat-drunken voice, a rum-drunk voice. He watched the dyke play with his dick — drunk and hypnotized by her fascination, her brown-eyed wonder of it.

"Little boys?" Sal (I think her name was) asked from her sprawl on her back. The cock was almost hard now. She stared at it, amazed, disgusted and drunk.

"Big boys, too," he said smiling too wide and too pleased.

The cock got hard. Downy looked at us, her sisters. "What do I do with it now?" flickered across her face. Why she did it — the hot day, the rum, boredom, comfort — I don't know. Sure, I was there, that day, but I wasn't her, wasn't Downy. I didn't know what was tripping through her head, I was just watching — as she took the unlubed condom (blue, I noticed) that he offered, rolled it down, then started to suck the Chicago boy's cock.

"Watch me be a boy," Downy said, pulling away for a second to speak.

The sun blinked down on them, the dyke sucking cock, the leatherboy with girl-lip on his meat. It blinked down and made everything hotter. As the haze of the Louisiana afternoon settled down over my brain and wrapped everything in an undersea bed, I found myself slowly, geologically, rolled over and lifted up so I was on hands and knees. It took some work, and I didn't help, to get my leather pants down, but it happened. Sudden air, slightly cooler air on my sweaty ass. "You know straights, how do they do it?" asked another girl-girl voice, a smiling voice, a playful voice, a festive voice — Sal's voice — from behind me.

"I think I can figure it out," the pretty boy said from behind me and above.

Sal stroked my puss from behind, coaxing me open with girl fingertips, knowing the buttons to press, the silk to stroke. I felt myself yawn, a falling feeling under my warm tummy.

"You big enough, girl?" Downy said, taking her lips from Chicago's cock, concern sprinkled over her words, silver spit threads going from cock to her mouth — or was it the other way around?

I can't remember if I nodded or I just gave permission with silence. Either way, I was committed — my ass was naked



in the hot daylight and I heard the sound of something tearing open and “— never done this to a real one before” from Sal as, I knew later, she rolled a condom onto pretty boy’s cock.

A real one — I’d never thought of it like that before. I’d played with his rubber kin, his silicone brethren, but never one of the real thing — or, at least, the flesh and blood thing. Then, there on that porch, I was saying, “Ah!” with my other mouth and, before even I knew it, I was full.

Boy, was I full! At the end, when I felt his furry thighs press against my ass, and his cock tapped me deep inside, I thought I was going to unzip from the pressure, that overwhelming filling. But then he pulled back and it faded — only to come back again with the next stroke.

“Tisk-tisk,” Downy said, absently stroking Chicago’s blue-covered cock, “what will the girls say?”

I put my hot forehead down onto the coat I’d been stretched on, breathing in black leather, boy armpit stink and spilled beer. In and out, in and out, was all I could really think about — not what I was doing, what Downy was doing, what tomorrow would be like, what even tonight would be like (let alone in a hour or two). In and out, in and out, in (ouch!) and out (oooooh!) was all that easily moving boy-cock managed to let into my brain.

I didn’t try to come — didn’t really want to. I was trying something new, that’s all, and the newness was all I really wanted to feel (in and out, in and out). I was being doggy-humped on black leather by a pretty boy — that was quite enough. My clit was tight, yeah, and hard (yeah!) but I didn’t feel like stroking it, touching myself or even having Sal or Downy down there with hands, lips, whatever, doing it for me (even though they’d both done the same and worse). I was just then, there, getting fucked by a boy and that was quite enough.

I didn’t plan on coming, but that’s what happened. I didn’t try, but I came, the coming came, and I did. It was weird, unusual — deep and pressurized, not lighting bolt like fingers and lips and whatever else on throbbing clit. When I came it

boiled up from my cunt, building like a can of beer casually shook and shook and shook then popped open.

I popped, that’s for damned sure.

One minute I was just fucking, just being fucked, and then, like the filling overflowed, I was coming — grunting like a pig into the leather jacket, biting it, tasting polish, dust, and my own stale breath. I must have collapsed after, falling down into the warm porch, the hot leather. Must have, but don’t remember doing so.

Then someone was speaking. I blinked away the sparkles and the heavy exhaustion that had fallen on top of me and ground my head to the left.

Dancing green eyes, a spotlight, toothy smile — Downy’s cheeks creased with warm laughter. “So, little one, you get fucked by girls and you get fucked by boys — so what are you?”

I closed my eyes, feeling the weight again. I don’t know how long I had them closed, maybe a blink, maybe a much longer blink. When I opened them again the sun was passing behind the fence and the world was becoming deeper colors.

“Tired,” I said to Downy’s naked back as a bar across the street flashed it first neon of the night, “and happy.”

*Alice Blue lives in San Francisco with a wife and an orange tabby cat (who both keep her from doing as much writing as she should). New Orleans is her first piece of published fiction.*





## About the Cover Cartoonist:

After having temporarily pursued, then discarded plans of becoming an astronaut, a jungle doctor, a poet, a circus clown, an actress, a journalist, a musician, etc., etc., I discovered that working in the graphic arts covers all of the above and more. I've been a volunteer staff member with *Anything That Moves* for about six months. I make my living running a small desktop-publishing and computer rental/repair place (together with my sweetheart), serving the Castro community in San Francisco.

# JULIA

EpiCenter DeskTop is essentially three people subletting space from a copy store, putting a lot of energy, passion, and dedication into using it to create access to technology (and while we're at it, make it fun).

I try to combine a love for machines, people, and the creative process in my life and work.

Oh, and I almost forgot...I'm also trying to figure out the secrets of life, and the universe, and everything else...

## Gorillas in Our Midst? Go Ape!

Bonobos spotted on Anything That Moves' Web page!  
Check out:

<http://www.anythingthatmoves.com>

(Would we monkey around?)

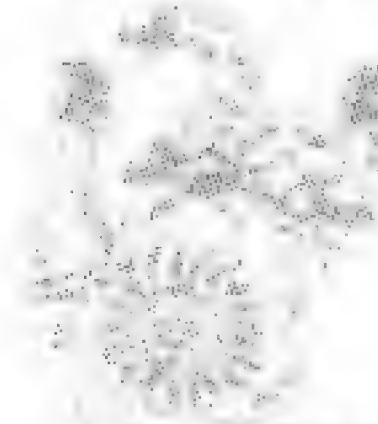
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# WANCANCIES

*A Recovering Wife Speaks*

*by Kimberly Ward*

## Hurry.

Close the gap between  
betrothal and denial,  
between passion and the fruition  
of understanding why my wings  
did not beat once in thirty years  
of living.

Last night, alone in our bed,  
I dreamt a great turtle was running  
with me on its back.  
Proofreading the desert,  
it insisted we were on a hot call  
and I knew it was a journey  
farthest from your destination,  
knew I would be forever fading  
into your distance  
while I discovered other men,  
other women; short, tall, squat, thin,  
knock-kneed, round shouldered,  
absolutely fine,  
the best of both worlds...

I met a woman with a wild red mane.  
She fed me sweet apples.  
Her lover often confused women  
with eagles and owls,  
but she was no owl.

We proofread the desert together,  
the turtle gave up its shell to us  
so we could swim in a layer of ocean.  
She was laughing water  
and I was in the driver's seat,  
my smile bordering on cool...  
Until I saw her slender hand  
which poised to touch  
the horrific past before me,  
and awoke alone.



# FINDING QUEERNESS IN COMMUNITY

by Tree Bressen

Photographs provided by the Acorn Community

**W**hen i\* started looking seriously into joining a commune, my father accused me of running away from society's problems. I guess he thought i should've been a civil rights lawyer instead of living on a farm in rural Virginia.

I live in an intentional community called Acorn. Twenty of us own 72 acres in common, run our own businesses, and make decisions by consensus. In addition, we offer people the opportunity to empower themselves by learning to build houses, grow vegetables, run a database, raise chickens, and school their children at home — or not, as they prefer.

While i admire folks who stay in the cities and face the challenges there, i believe there is a place for people working from both inside and outside to change the systems that oppress us. Personally, it is just too deadening to my soul to drive through polluted streets, fearing-always for my body, house and wallet, being judged for each deviation from proper business-drag appearance, and working 9 to 5 every day at mindless tasks i don't believe in.

Living at Acorn, i can still write letters to politicians, sign petitions on the Internet, travel to marches in Washington, DC, and attend meetings of bi groups in the cities. More important, being in community is a direct expression of my political beliefs. I am committed to making the texture of my daily life into a crucible of cultural transformation, working each moment toward solutions to key problems that generate a whole set of social ills.

I've told my father that the reason i live this way is because i've truly taken his good liberal values to heart: democracy, pacifism, citizenship, and others. But it seems hard for him to grasp.

## THIS SMALL, BOLD EFFORT

Acorn is a member of a small network called the Federation of Egalitarian Communities, which celebrated its 20th anniversary last year. Our principles include sharing income, non-violence and ecological sustainability. Each community





pledges to meet its members' basic needs (such as food, clothing, shelter and health care) in return for a reasonable labor contribution. Everyone works a variety of jobs, and you don't need any money to join.

While technically we live below the poverty line, every member has co's\* own room (and whatever stuff is in it, like clothes or a stereo) plus access to group resources such as cars, tools, and a host of skills. Sharing our resources allows us to live more lightly on the earth: for instance, our food scraps compost and mulch the garden; we have one washing machine and one lawnmower; and one person goes to town to do the whole community's shopping. We try to grow as much of our own food as we can.

During meetings, as we struggle to weave our viewpoints together into decisions we can all live with, i often wonder what, if anything, we have in common. Our backgrounds and beliefs are quite diverse. We are bisexual and monosexual. We are Pagan, Christian, atheist and Taoist. We are polyamorous and monogamous. We span ages 3 to 49. Some of us grew up in the comforts of the upper middle class; others grew up on welfare with not enough food to eat. Yet we've all chosen to live here, joining together in this small, bold effort at creating a genuine alternative to whatever circumstances we came from.

We like to say that equality does not equal sameness. We want every person to feel co is treated fairly, but we recognize that our needs, desires and abilities vary considerably.



So while we make policies to cover a lot of our daily activities, we also make frequent exceptions to them. We try to balance the need for flexibility and responsiveness to individual situations with the need for stability, security, and clear expectations.

I feel that as a bisexual womyn\* i bring a perspective which helps me to see different points of view as valid — that there's no one right way of doing things. Like activists working for changes in state laws concerning sodomy or marriage, we must be willing to keep trying. We must continue to have faith.

What does Acorn mean to me? First and foremost, as a womyn, it means i have a basic level of physical and psychological safety absent from the outside world.

How many places can a womyn walk alone in the woods or dance naked in the moonlight, without having to look over her shoulder at the sound of footsteps behind her?

And as a queer womyn, it means i can make love to a womyn or a man — or both at the same time — with no fear of disparaging remarks. I might face a bit of teasing the morning after, but no more than a monogamous heterosexual. Not only is it completely acceptable to be queer here, it's actually considered a positive attribute.

While it's still the case that the majority of couplings at Acorn are opposite-sex, the fact that people will be supportive if i do break that trend makes a big difference to my

#### \* **TREE'S LEXICON:**

**Co:** a gender-neutral pronoun replacing "he", "she", etc. Equivalent to "sie," another proposed gender-neutral pronoun.

**Humyn:** Gender-neutral form of the word in order to avoid unintentionally implying masculinity.

**Womyn (pl, wimmin):** Spelling intended to convey the sense of "womyn" as separate rather than as an extension of the basic unit (man).

**Tree, on the use of the pronoun "i":**

"Of the many languages in the world, English is rare in using an initial capital when referring to oneself, but not when referring to others. I think this oddness contributes to the extreme individualism/egotism of cultures for whom English is the main language. Since i believe the level of individualism in our culture is unhealthy, i am trying to alter that cultural pattern by altering my own language use. This reminds me that (i) am a part of the sentence like any other, no greater and no less, to be capitalized at the beginning and not in the middle."





outlook. There's no direct external coercion to limit same-sex activities, so if i still don't make as many connections with wimmin as i'd like, that's between me and my sisters and our previous conditioning.

Because my housemates, work colleagues and practically everyone i have daily contact with are all the same people, there's no division of spheres — no one here is out to co's friends but closeted at work. Life becomes a more integrated whole.

## WHAT'S "QUEER" HERE?

Just as an individual in community has the opportunity to integrate co's sexual queerness more easily into one's life, so the group is faced with the challenge of welcoming other kinds of queerness, from wheat allergies to being a loner, into our lives instead of relegating them to the fringes.

Every group draws boundaries, consciously or unconsciously. How do we deal with someone who is socially inappropriate, inconsiderate, or just plain clueless? How do we balance the needs of the individual with the needs of the group? How do we decide what's "queer" here?

Several men at Acorn fall into the category we jokingly refer to as "sensitive new-age ponytail man." They talk about their feelings, clean public spaces with regularity, or openly support feminist goals. Among the wimmin, one spring all of us under about 27 shaved our heads and listened to Ani DiFranco for hours at a time. Almost all the wimmin here are bi but more likely to form sexual relationships with men. For both genders, our culture wants people to work hard, take on a share of grunge work, and be willing to "process" about stuff for hours at a time.

But not everyone does. John likes to get drunk, fix cars, and watch TV, and he won't sign up for dishes or housework.

Red, almost every week, falls below our 43-hour work expectation. Mary has many strong opinions but is very resistant to process; she has trouble handling group discussions.

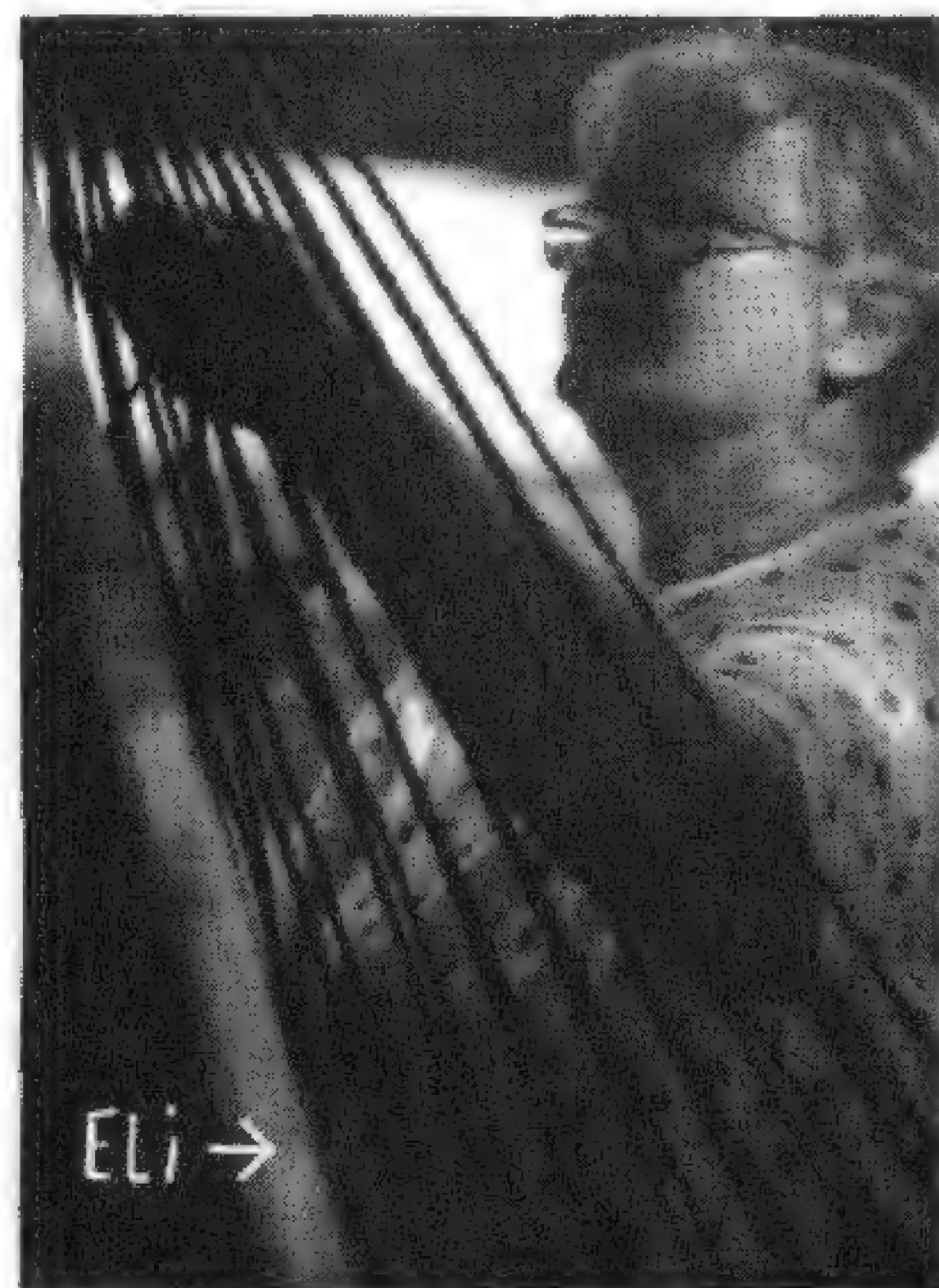
I'd like to think of myself as a tolerant person who appreciates diversity... yet my responses to these people are remarkably similar to the ways homophobes have reacted to me. My co-communards' undesirable behaviors feel threatening and uncomfortable to me, wrong and immoral. I want them to change, to be more like me. I really like them as people; i just don't want them to follow certain of their natural inclinations. "What if everyone were like them?" i ask. "Our community would fall apart!"

Out in mainstream society, the response to such problems would be to toss the offenders out or else to make their lives so uncomfortable that they depart voluntarily. But what would we be losing if they left?

John and Red are the only two members who have been here continuously since the community started three years ago. Their caring efforts have helped make this a place i want to live. Red's presence is gentle, easy to get along with and thoughtful in a low-key kind of way. Mary and i share many similar goals, and she works hard in areas i think are important, like canning our produce for winter. John is the kind of person who spends hours working on a leak in the house. He's willing to get up in the middle of the night to fix the furnace. And he's great with babies. So who am i to dictate our communal culture?

I believe that genuine sharing — sharing of experiences, feelings, ideas, and power — is necessary to create a just, saner, and more loving society. At Acorn, we provide a structure for that by allowing any person to block a community decision and setting up meetings where we try to talk about emotions and relationships as well as money and business. These structures would be empty without common understandings built up through hauling firewood, making music, and sitting down to dinner together.

It's up to each member to take advantage of such opportunities by being





open and risking vulnerability. Our ideals say we'll communicate constructively, avoid letting resentments fester, and never say nasty things about a person behind co's back. Once, in a particularly bold moment, we even wrote that "we are dedicated to making the need for confidentiality obsolete," and "envision a culture where no one need fear the consequences of the truth being known."

However, when we set out to live these fine intentions, we inevitably encounter misunderstandings, hurt feelings, leftover childhood traumas, contrary assumptions, shaken ideals, conflicting desires, and a basic lack of trust. Some of these are parts of our heritage and training from the outside culture we grew up in; others are just part of humyn\* nature.

At these points there's nothing we can do but keep talking or give up. There are no easy answers, but slowly, through many hours of talking and living together, we find that for most problems, the group is creative enough to find solutions we can all live with. While some people choose to leave, visitors arrive regularly, and enough folks stay on that our enterprise continues to feel vibrant.

For myself, while i do feel challenged by people who act in ways that seem inappropriate to me, i find that i can eventually make my peace with it or at least keep the perspective that there are so many things here that do work well that it wouldn't be worth leaving over a few problem cases. We have our problems, but so does everywhere else, and it becomes a matter of what one chooses to work on. Here we work on learning to cooperate and hear the truth in each other's differences, which i believe is an essential lesson of modern times.

## WHO HAS THE POWER?

Who has the power to shape our values? Everyone. Every single person who lives here.

Yet many are so conditioned by years of disempowerment on the outside that they are afraid — or don't know how — to use and share power in a conscious, healthy way. Power has such strong associations with abusive hierarchies that people become afraid to take on responsibility and leadership.

I've noticed that older wimmin here tend to respond to difficult situations with lifelong patterns of passivity linked with hidden aggression. Men over thirty seem more likely to just do whatever they want without consulting to others' satisfaction. Some younger people who come here are seen as free-spirited or free-riders, depending on the observer; they may be reluctant to take on managerial roles. Occasionally a young person responds to communal expectations with adolescent rebelliousness.

All of these are gross generalizations, but the people who have been sticking around cluster in our middle age range: mid-20s to 30s.

People who visit us sometimes spend the first few days trying to figure out who's really in charge. They find it hard to believe that we don't have a leader, that the group muddles through our issues together, taking the pursuit of consensus seriously.



## DEALING WITH DIFFERENCES

Charles attends nearly every community meeting. He works hard on communicating, and i admire his commitment. When he takes on a work area, he doesn't flake out like some people.

However, along with these fine qualities, he is tremendously picky, often wanting things to be done exactly a certain way. He had lived here over a year before he began catching himself when raising his voice in a way that is intimidating to many. At times he is self-centered to the point of rudeness or absurdity, depending on one's point of view. He has problems using English in a way others can understand even though it's the only language he's ever known, and that really frustrates him.





Although Charles' actions are within the boundaries of "normal" behavior, I find them extremely irritating. Frankly, he drives me up the wall. When I ask myself why, I find that the truth of the matter is that I, too, am a picky perfectionist with high expectations. I am not given to shouting, but I'm under no illusions that I'm easy to live with. I, too, have strong feelings about a variety of topics — people in the community might refer to me as "attached," which is a nice way of saying "hard to get along with."

Charles takes some character flaws that I also carry and amplifies them, displaying them more visibly. I'm simultaneously appalled by his behavior and jealous that he lets himself get away with it.

Lesbigaytrans people have had exactly the same insight about homophobes, that they are scared of their own homosexual or transgender potential and desires. This illustrates the learning that can occur between queers and communitarians, or among people seeking allies to fight a wide range of social oppressions. It also shows why it's essential for those beyond the range of society's acceptance to keep on thinking. Our efforts at understanding can support one another.

While my relations with Charles continue to be less than harmonious, realizing that the reason he bugs me is because he reminds me of myself makes me more likely to find a compassionate response toward him. I can try to respond to him based on his honorable intentions instead of my feelings of annoyance.

Certainly it is far from the case that only men here engage in behaviors that many members find undesirable. But when I reflect on it, I do feel that in some cases men in my community are somewhat more likely to take liberties that a womyn wouldn't allow herself to.

For instance, I simply cannot imagine a womyn acting the way Charles does, nor an African-American person for that matter. It's partly White male wealthy privilege that allows Charles to take up social space in a way that members of oppressed groups are strictly taught not to do. But when it comes to withdrawing energy from the group rather than impacting it overtly, womyn and men seem to do it about the same amount.

## SCALING DOWN THE PROBLEMS

Living in an intentional community brings the problems of culture and nature down to a scale that can be grappled with. If everyone woke up tomorrow and refused to participate in the interlinked sexist-sizeist-classist-racist-ageist-ableist-heterosexist institutions that destroy our hearts and our earth, those institutions would be unable to continue.

If people could communicate honestly, respect each other, honor differences instead of just tolerating them, learn to work together and act with love, I'm confident we could ease and eventually erase entirely the burdens of hatred, poverty and war in the world.

Since that hasn't happened yet, those of us who choose to live out an alternative work quietly day after day, building a sustainable culture. I haven't found utopia, but it's a heck of a lot better than where I came from.

---

*Tree Bressen moved to Acorn in 1994 after spending a year on the road researching intentional communities. Community outreach and networking is one of her prime passions. She is searching for partners in co-creating a polyamorous family of loving, honest, long-term relationships.*

*All of the Federation communities, including Acorn, are open to new members or folks just passing through.*

*For further information, please write: Acorn Community, 1259-BN Indian Creek Road, Mineral, VA 23117 or call 540-894-0582. In addition, you can find us on the World Wide Web at URL: <http://www.ic.org/acorn>, or e-mail "acorn@ic.org".*

*A Communities Directory published by a larger network, called the Fellowship for Intentional Community, lists more than 500 intentional communities in North America as well as a host of other resources. Send \$28 (includes shipping) to Communities Directory, 138-BN Twin Oaks Road, Louisa, VA 23093 or call 540-894-5126. You can order it via the Web at <http://www.ic.org>. Or ask for the Directory at your local library.*



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Left: a still from *Wanted Alive: Teresita La Campesina*, directed by La Tina Aguirre.



Right: Tranny Fest Technical Director Elise Hurwitz (left) with Festival Directors Alison Austin (middle) and Christopher Lee (right).



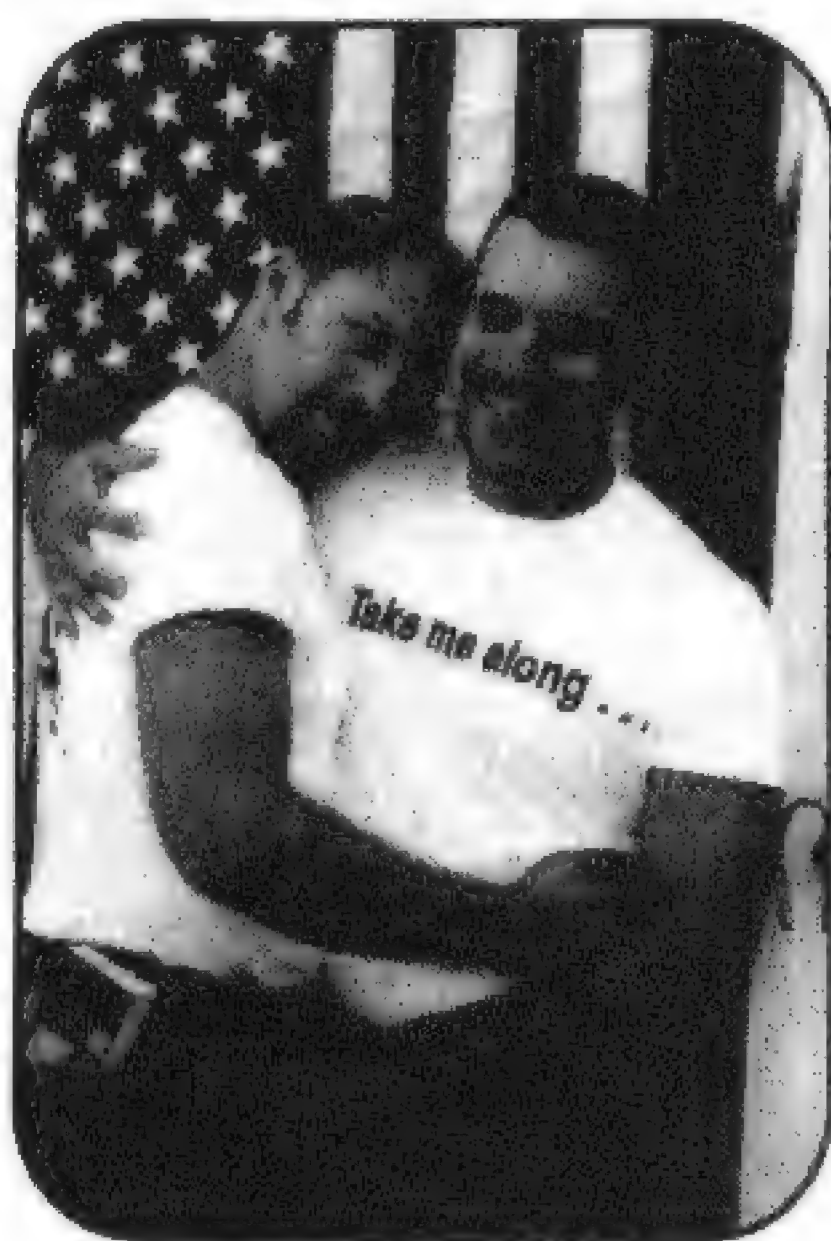
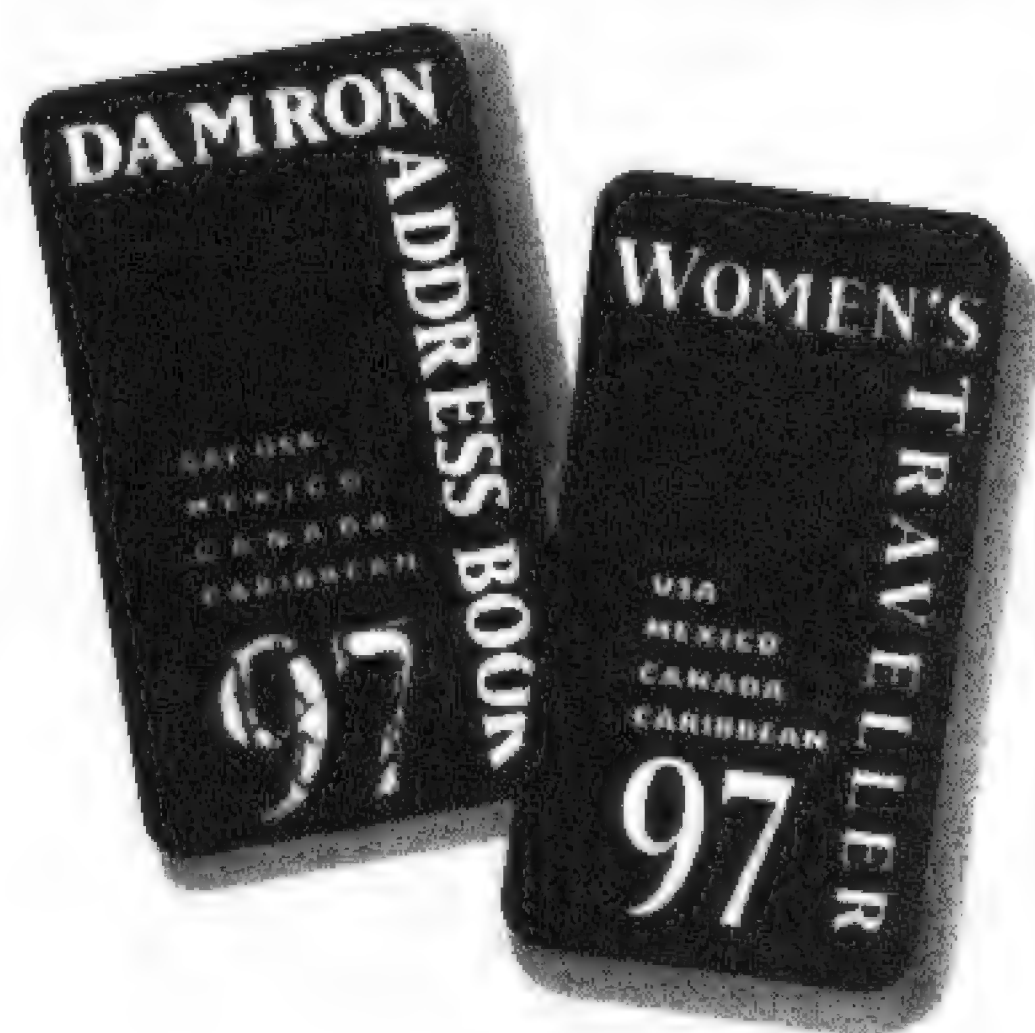


Photo by Wendy Jill York

*babe\**

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## Memories and fantasies

# The Private Art of Dorinne

The best part about sixth grade was the sleepover parties. All the girls from class were invited. The wimpy ones (we thought) pooped out around 11 p.m., when the parents went to bed, and then the action could begin.

It was an orgy. We kissed, mauled, groped, caressed, sucked, groaned until the wee hours in our sleeping bags. Oh, we couldn't just come out and do it. We needed vehicles: truth or dare, spin the bottle, or whatever we could think up. Though we all looked forward to these occasions, we never breathed a word of it to anyone, not even among ourselves.

It was only when I began questioning in high school that I remembered these incidents at all. What happened to these nighttime escapades that delighted my early adolescence? The girls were now cheerleaders and honor society members. I was hidden in the art room most of the day, sorting my feelings and aspirations on paper and canvas.

After ten years of non-stop dream chasing, I find myself on a hundred acres of American wilderness with two kids and a husband. I struggle to affirm my bisexual ties but worry I'd get fired from my teaching position. So I still hide in the art room, but this time it's in my house.

I can't help but blame other women. In my teens, if I came on to a gal, she'd flip. I'd blow it, and I'd never see her again. Or they'd want to "try it out," only to break my heart in the end. With guys, they were delighted by my forward manner, my kinky preferences, and they courted me for months or years. Maybe I should've waited for Ms. Right, but the men were swift in proposing and I got hitched.

My eyes are always open. I still am a dreamer. One day I'll do the lecture circuit telling my closeted story of the social pressures of small-town America. Meanwhile, I'll continue drawing my private art for *Anything That Moves*.



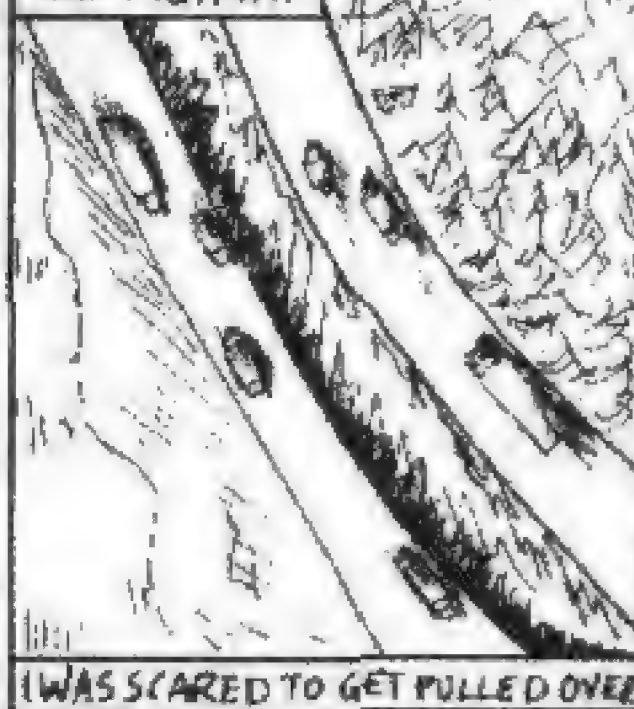
# PRIVATE ART

Dorinne © 1995

I LEFT HOME TODAY AND FORGOT MY WALLET.

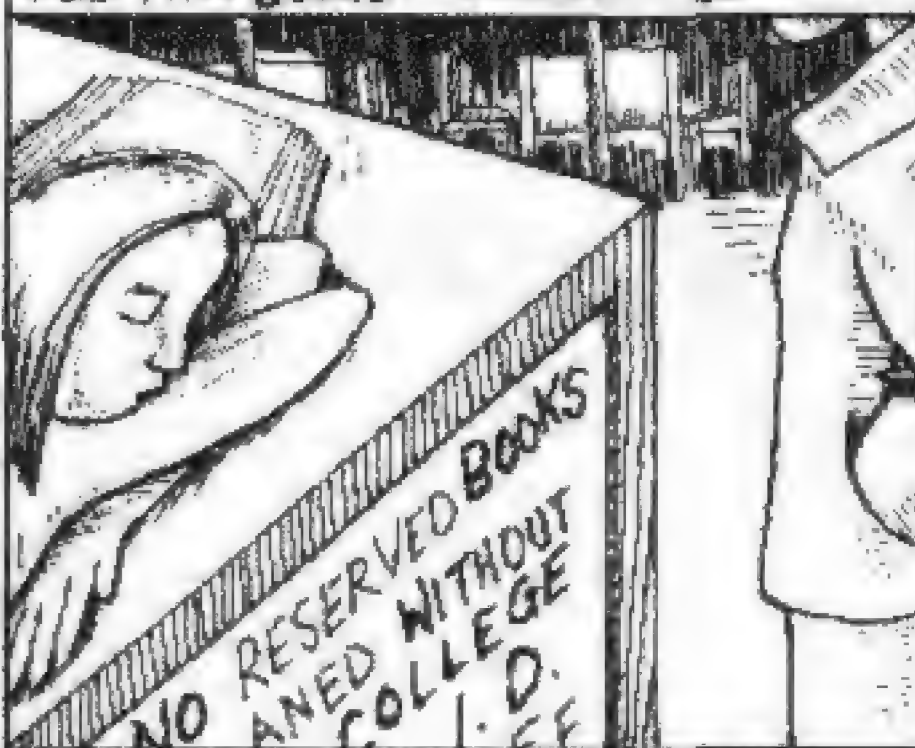


FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, I OBEYED THE SPEED LIMIT ON THE HIGHWAY

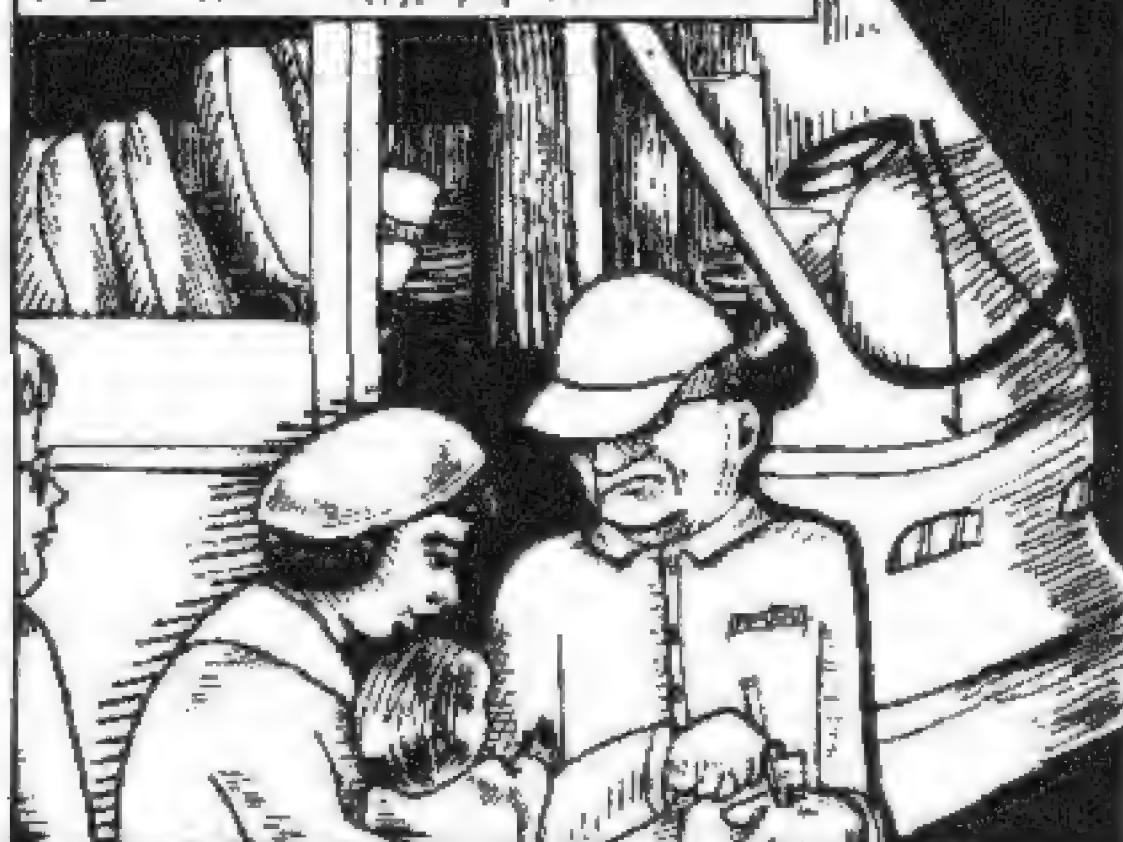


I WAS SCARED TO GET PULLED OVER

MY MORNING CLASS ENDED EARLY, LEAVING ME TIME TO CATCH UP ON HOMEWORK. BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME SEE ANY BOOKS. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT



IT REMINDED ME OF WHEN I TOOK A BUS TRIP WITH MY TWO KIDS.



WE HAD TO WAIT AN HOUR FOR OUR TRANSFER. I TOOK THE KIDS TO A TAKEOUT DIVE



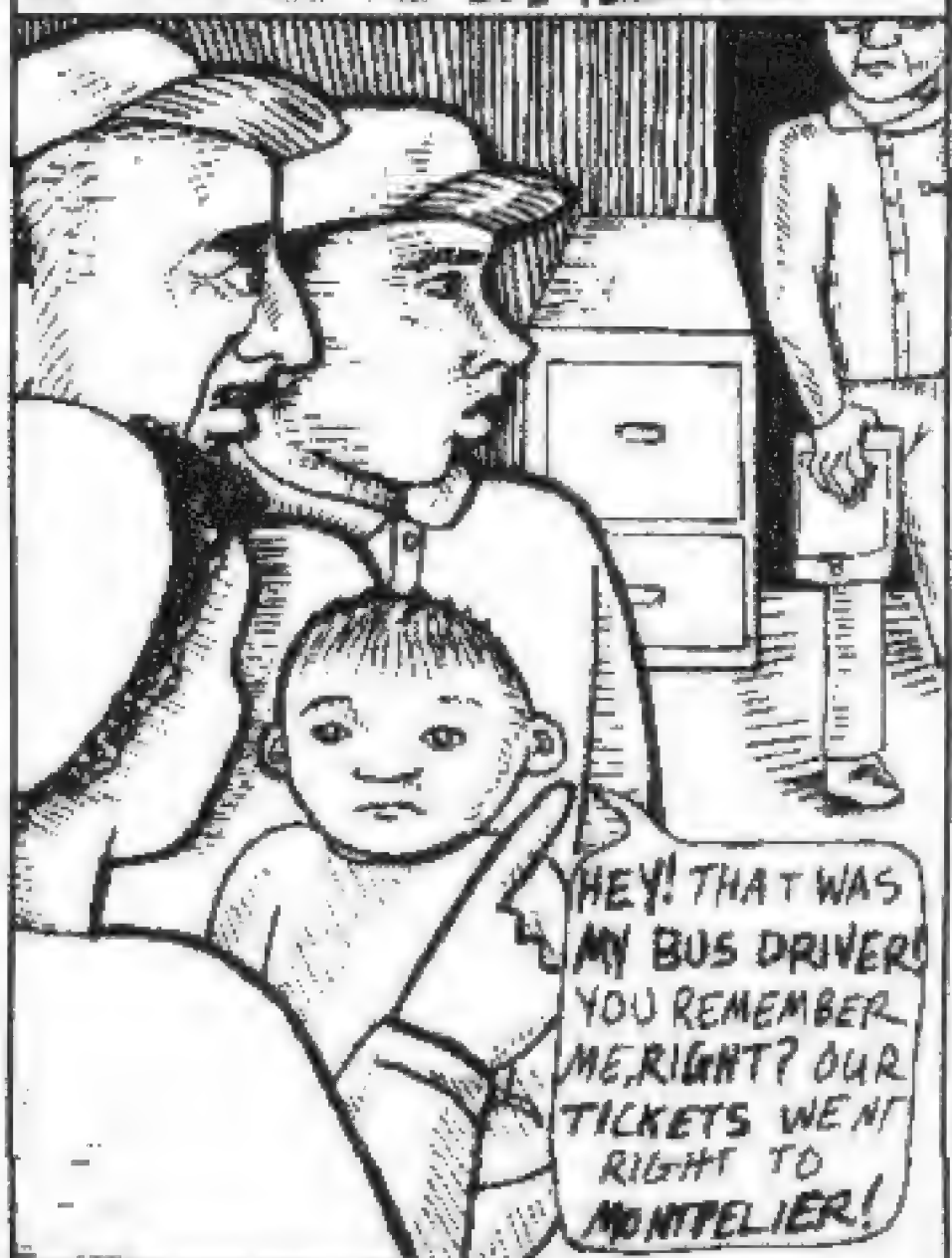
WHY DON'T YOU COOK LIKE THIS?

WE JUST MADE IT BACK IN TIME, BUT I COULDN'T FIND OUR BUS TICKETS!



BUT I JUST TRANSFERRED FROM BRATTLEBORD! MY LUGGAGE IS STILL UNDER THE BUS! SOMEHOW THE TICKETS GOT AWAY FROM ME! BUT LOOK! I HAVE TO GO ON THIS BUS TO GET HOME!

TWICE THEY CHECKED THE BUS FOR THE MISSING TICKETS, BUT THEY FOUND NOTHING. THOUGH I HAD MY RECEIPT OF PURCHASE, IT WASN'T ENOUGH PROOF THEY WERE GOING TO MAKE ME BUY NEW TICKETS. WE ENTERED THE BUS TERMINAL



HEY! THAT WAS MY BUS DRIVER! YOU REMEMBER ME, RIGHT? OUR TICKETS WENT RIGHT TO MONTELIER!

I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THEM GOING TO MONTELIER. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DON'T RECALL THEM EVEN GETTING ON MY BUS. AT LEAST I DIDN'T SEE NO TICKET!

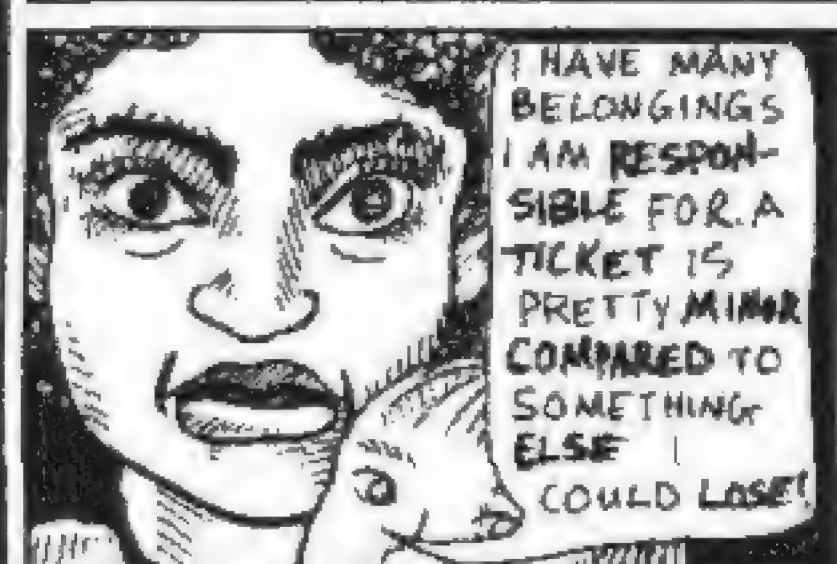


SURE I GOT ON YOUR BUS! YOU EVEN WROTE IT ON YOUR HAND AS I ENTERED!



WHY DID YOU WRITE IT ON YOUR HAND?

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER TICKET STUB?



SHE SHOULD HAVE HER TICKETS IF SHE'S GONNA GET ON THAT BUS! YOU SAYING SHE LOST IT IN JUST ONE HOUR?



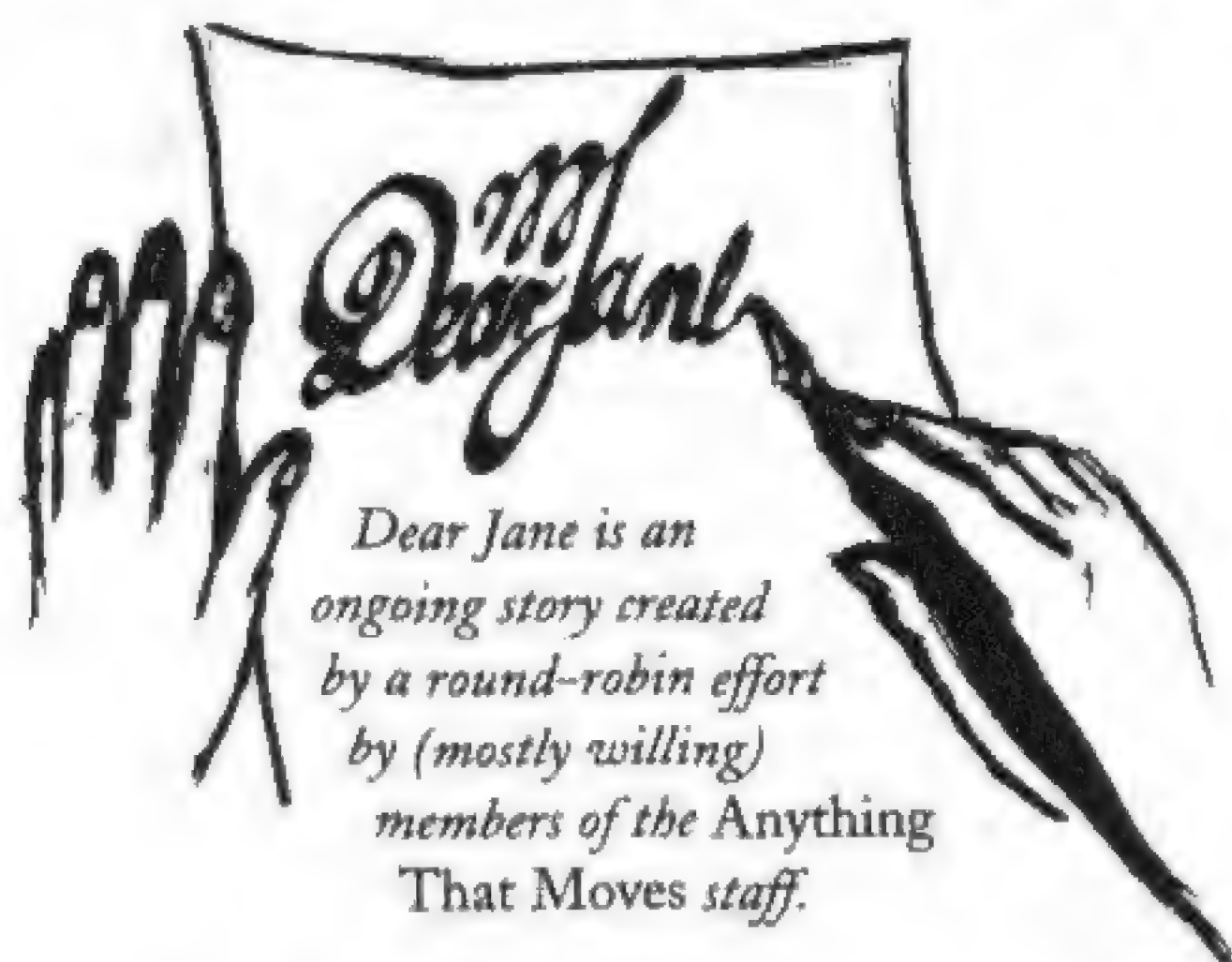
WITH THAT, THEY LET ME ON.

## ANYTHING THAT MOVES

Beyond the Myths of Bisexuality



# PURLOINED LETTERS AND PURPLE PROSE



## Our Heroes:

**Barbara**, janitor by night, poet by day, is recovering from a head wound received while fleeing Erika and Ray's sexy late-night office encounter. **Erika**, still on the rebound from (and maybe still writing sexy letters to) Jane, but now dating Ray, her first man in years... has just realized that her crush on the office janitor is mutual.

**Jane**, meanwhile, is furious at finding out that Erika is dating a man. Jane is still leaving vicious messages on Erika's answering machine... **Ray**, a frustrated journalist, is dating Erika, his first woman in years — but wondering how he feels about Vickie, his "first" woman... who is now...

**Vic**, the hunky FTM security guard, who helped Erika and Ray revive the unconscious Barbara — and may be trying to revive Ray's passion as well.

It was a few weeks after that long, mysterious night. Barbara was going in to the company health provider for a follow-up checkup after her accident. Fortunately, no one had questioned the incident too closely. The cut on her head was healing, and the doctor said she could go back to work — but her head still whirled at the prospect of running into Erika working late again.

"Hey, Barbara, how are you doing?"

Barbara turned abruptly as she closed the door to the doctor's office. "Oh, hello, Vic. I didn't expect to see you here."

Vic smiled at her. "Yes, I'm glad to see you're okay. That was a nasty spill you took that night."

"Thanks for your help. I was afraid I'd get fired, or that Erika would get in trouble for, um, being there late or something."

Vic grinned knowingly. "No, I filled out all the paperwork without mentioning Erika or Ray at all. When are you coming back to work?"

"I've got the stitches out, and the doctor said everything is okay. I'll be back at work tonight."

"Find me at the front desk when you get in; I've got some papers you dropped that night that you might want. Some story about a prison warden?" Vic raised his eyebrows meaningfully.

Barbara was as embarrassed as a dyke could be. *How did Vic find a copy of that erotic story I found in Erika's trash? Does he*

*have the copy I dropped in Erika's office that night? Does he think I wrote that story?* "Uh, sure, Vic, I will. Hey, what brings you here? You're not... sick or anything, are you?"

He shook his head no. "I'm just leaving from my latest check-up."

"Do you have a few minutes? Would you like to have some coffee with me?"

"Sure. I don't have to be at work until 4 p.m., same as you."

Barbara smiled, but her insides felt weak. *I hope Vic's not going to hold that story over my head...*

*God, sometimes life is far too complicated.* Ray sighed. It was 11 a.m. and he was in that in-between stage, tired due to not enough coffee, yet busy and wired from all the phone calls he'd dealt with that morning. His boss, Valerie Campagna, editor of *Queer Central*, was out of the office, and he was running out of "While You Were Out" message notes.

*Things with Erika are going great. It's amazing how easy it's been to start dating again — even a woman. She's a fun person, and the sex is really good. Maybe too good — I need to get some sleep soon. I'm exhausted! But I keep daydreaming about Vic. Oh, my god, what pectorals! What a body! And my job is getting me nowhere fast. I need to actually do something instead of just being an assistant all the time.*

The phone's ringing jolted him out of his daydreams. "Hello, *Queer Central*, this is Ray. How may I help you?"



"This is Kelly from Representative Anderson's office. We have the information that Valerie Campagna requested, but we don't want to send it by messenger. Can you have somebody drop by and pick it up before our office closes at 4:30?"

"Yes, of course." *It's only a few blocks away, Ray thought. I need to get out of this office. I'll get the files at lunch time.*

Barbara and Vic had settled in for a mostly comfortable gossip at a coffeehouse a few blocks away from the clinic.

"...so that's my story," Barbara finished. "I'm from Kentucky, and I grew up sort of 'not really'. Not really enough money in the family to be middle class. Not really poor enough to be white trash — is there something wrong?"

Vic's eyebrows were furrowed and he had a look similar to nausea on his face. He took another sip of coffee. "I'm not sure how I feel about you using the words 'white trash'."

"Now hold on!" Barbara said angrily. "Those words are our words, too. I can use them if I want to. They don't necessarily mean any harm. That's what we called people. That's what they called themselves!"

"Okay, I think I understand." He put the coffee cup down on the table and stared into it introspectively. "In some ways I'm jealous of you. At least you know what to call yourself. I've been going through these changes in my life. Now that I finally feel comfortable in my body I have this incredible urge to find out about my real parents. I'm adopted, so I don't really know a lot about my past. I know I'm African-American and Sioux."

"Really?" Barbara burst out unthinkingly, looking at Vic's blond hair — bleached blond, she now realized on a closer look — and light blue eyes, set in a face that might have been naturally dark or just heavily tanned.

"Mostly. My adoptive parents told me that. They're probably the most radically cool straight people I've ever met. I love them a lot. They've been so supportive throughout my change from their daughter into their son. But lately I've really had this urge to find my birth parents. I've been asking them for as much info as they have. I've started writing to various people to try to find out."

Barbara checked her watch and sighed. "I'm really enjoying this conversation, but I have to run some errands before work. Can we continue some more some other time?"

"Ummm, sure, I guess. I'll see ya at work. It's been fun."

Ray navigated his bike through traffic to Rep. Anderson's office. *Oh, I hate these office buildings. I can never find a place to lock my bike.* A bit sweaty and out of breath, he approached the front desk. "Hi, I'm from *Queer Central*."

The woman at the front desk tossed a big envelope at Ray. "Thanks. Oh, can I get a cup of water while I'm here?" Without a word, she pointed at a nearby room.

*With that combination of customer service and friendliness, she'll go far.* Ray drank two cups of water and went to throw the cup away. As he crumpled his paper cup up, he noticed a letter in the trash can. *What's that? Vic's name is on it! I think I'll just keep this for later.* He slipped the letter into his knapsack and left.

"Where the fuck were you?" More exasperated than angry, Valerie pounced on Ray when he returned.

"I was over at Rep. Anderson's office picking up that info you expected. They specifically requested that someone go pick it up."

Valerie eyed Ray. He knew that look. He'd been her assistant — and a very good one — long enough to know her moods. That particular look meant she had some devious idea.

"Ray, I know you want to get out more. You've told me how you love the excitement and buzz of the paper, and I can see how jealous you get." She paused dramatically.

He eyed her back suspiciously. "What are you getting at?"

She leaned forward. "Do you want to write?"

"Me?" He blinked. "I don't have any experience since college, but I think I'd be okay at it."

"Perfect. Ray, do you know what this paper needs?" Valerie loved the dramatic pause. "It needs a gossip columnist. And you're it."

"Huh? Me? A gossip columnist? but I don't know anyone — I mean, anyone worth gossiping about. *You know everybody!*"

Valerie sighed dramatically. "Ray, I'm getting tired of knowing everybody. I have to go to everybody's parties. It's boring! Especially with the tired crowd of queens who control most of what passes for goings-on around here. I'd like time to spend with my dyke friends. I can introduce you around, as long as my name doesn't get attached to it... For that matter, your name shouldn't be attached to it either. Think of a 'nom de gossip' that we can create a column around."

Ray's head was spinning. *I don't have time for this. I don't want to go to "happening parties." I've only been going out with Erika for a little while and I still feel new at this. I keep wondering where our relationship's going to go. I think it will really hit me when we start going out as a couple with other friends — and since both of us still mostly have friends in the gay community, we've both said we feel a little weird about being together around them...*

---

**Will Ray learn how to gossip? Will Barbara ever stop talking and do something? And what's with that letter, anyway? Stay tuned...**



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### **What is BiNet USA?**

*BiNet USA is the oldest and largest national bisexual organization in the USA. Our mission is to collect and distribute information regarding bisexuality; to facilitate the development of bisexual community and visibility; to work for the equal rights of bisexuals and all oppressed peoples; and to eradicate all forms of oppression inside and outside the bisexual community. We are committed to being affirmatively inclusive of a multicultural constituency and political agenda.*

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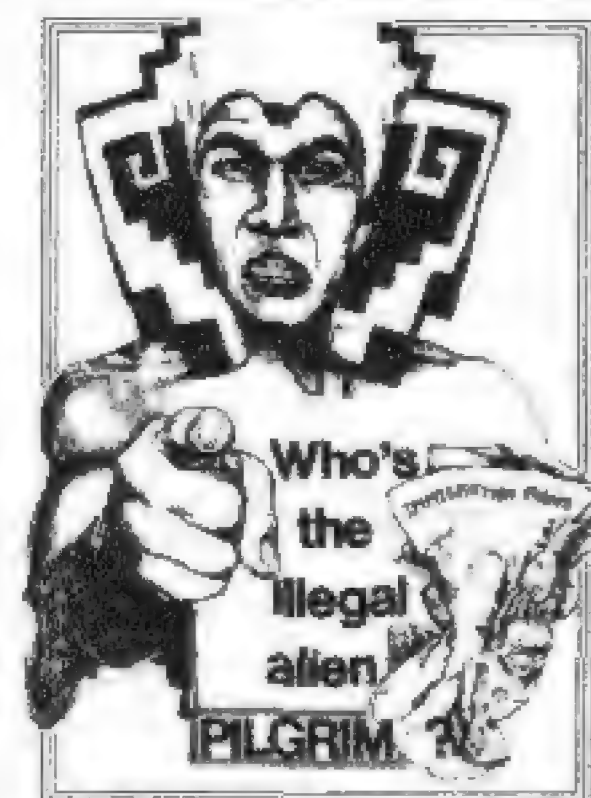
...is on vacation this month.  
*But don't panic! Auntie Margo  
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issue with new facts and advice  
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## POSTER

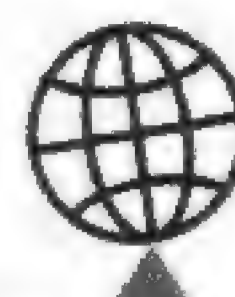
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# THE BISEXUAL BACKPACK

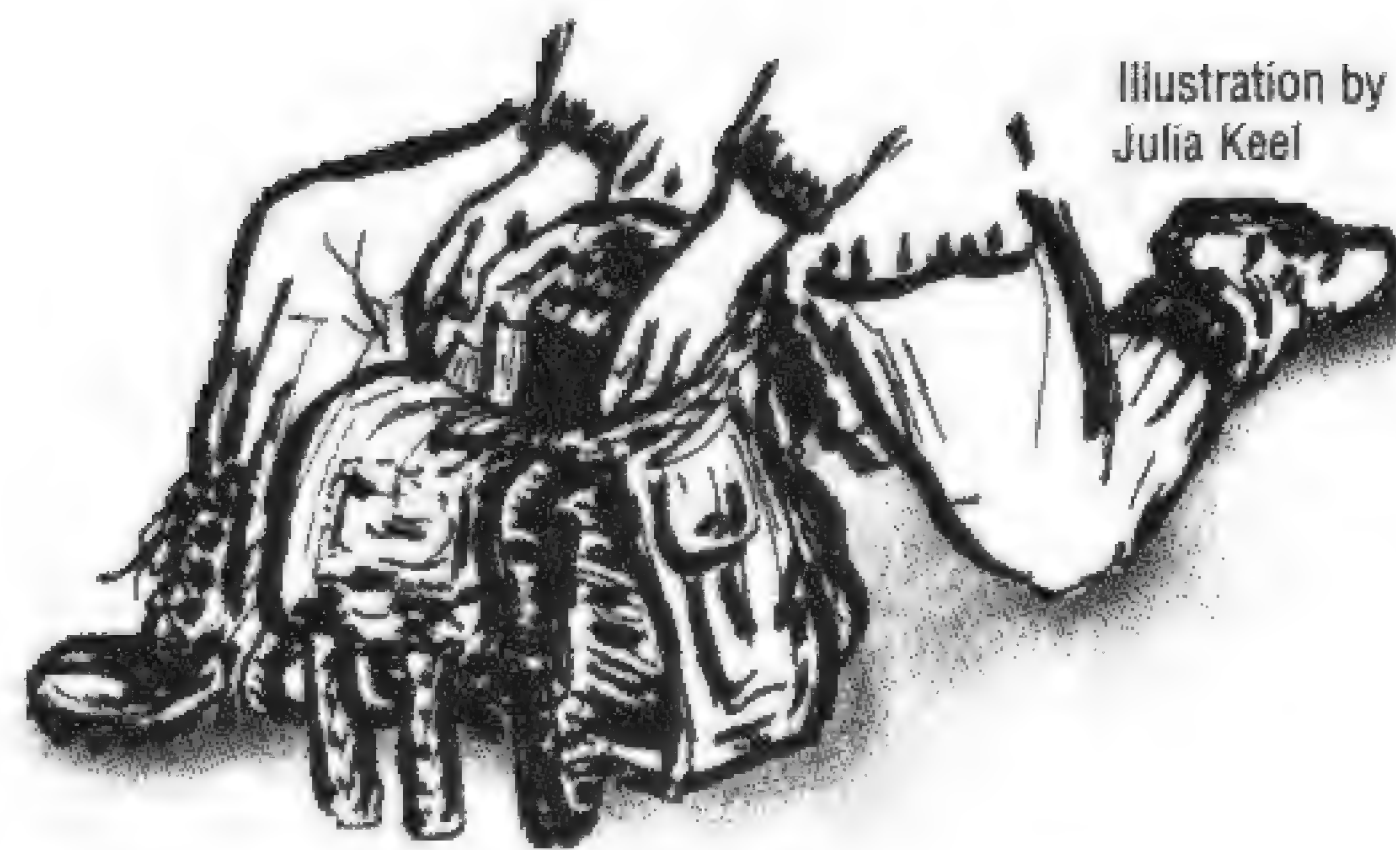


Illustration by  
Julia Keel

## Polyamory: The New Love Without Limits

by Dr. Deborah Anapol  
IntiNet Resource Center, 1997

## The Ethical Slut: A Guide to Infinite Sexual Possibilities

by Dossie Easton and  
Catherine Liszt  
Greenery Press, 1997

Reviewed by Kerwin Brook

San Francisco has definitely spoiled me. Over the past several years I've become rather accustomed to a social scene where sex is openly and frequently discussed, sex parties are a semi-regular occurrence, and many of my friends and acquaintances work as prostitutes. Indeed, same-sex couplings seem so mundane that I almost forget to mention them! Part of this has to do with my own, er, proclivities of course, but I know of few other places on the planet where the life I lead would be possible.

I had to remember my unique situation as I struggled to find meaning reading Deborah Anapol's *Polyamory: The New Love Without Limits*. Given the clear need for a book which insightfully

challenges the idea that we must obtain all our needs for intimacy, sex, and familial support from one (and only one) perfect "soul-mate," it is disappointing to see Anapol — a long-time poly activist who co-founded *Loving More* magazine and leads workshops on polyfidelity — fall so far short.

Anapol wastes too much time trying to examine every possible aspect of polyamory and never gets beyond the most simplistic considerations. Yes, she says, multi-person relationships are ethical (a good start), but they can be difficult and require open communication and lots of honesty (gee, thanks). She suggests that jealousy can act as a spiritual teacher, but gives no advice for coping with it beyond "raise your consciousness." *Polyamory* has some okay tips for ways to meet other polys or start a support group, but nothing to really help the curious learn more about what it means to be poly.

In exchange for these lukewarm benefits, we must contend with Anapol's surprisingly traditional political sensibilities. For example, she goes to some length to let us know that "polyamory is not promiscuity!" (This appears on page one — lustful sinners read no more!) She never directly says why she finds

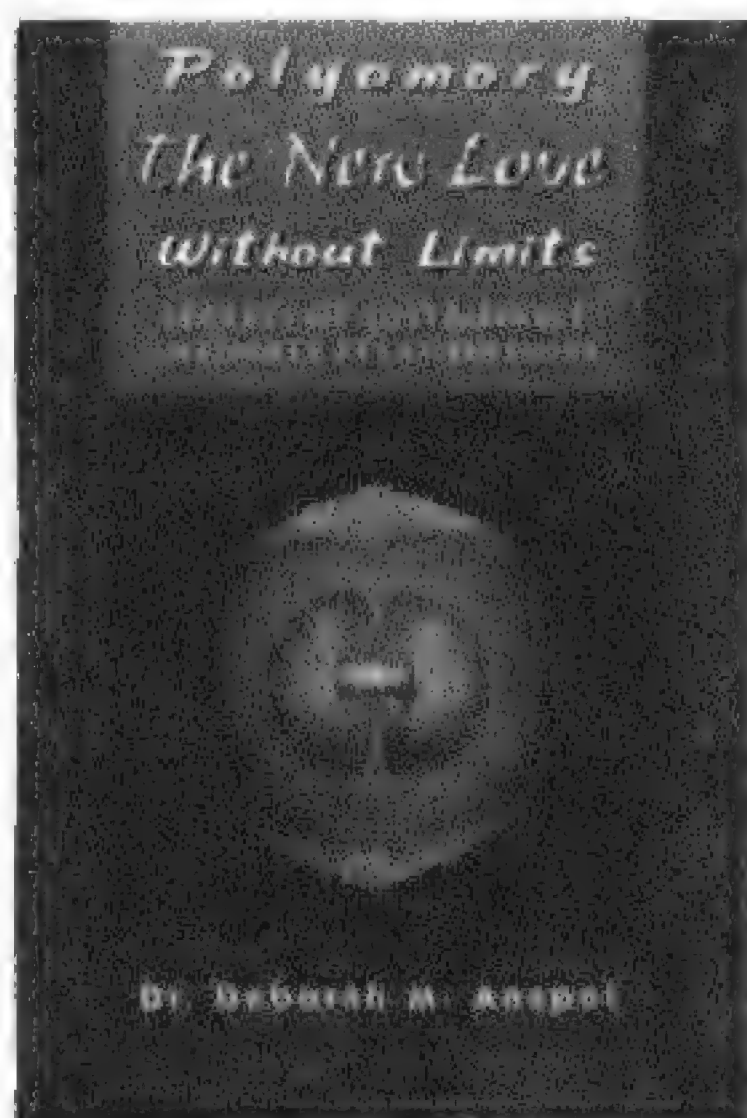
"sport sex" so dangerous and wrong, but makes it very clear that "polyamory specifically excludes people who are only interested in indiscriminate, recreational sex in the absence of more holis-

tic relating." Given such language, Anapol's later avowal of "a sex-positive attitude" merely widened my eyes in disbelief. She rightly suggests we make clear distinctions between the types of intimate sexual bonds we make with others (my list includes tricks, flings, play partners/fuck-buddies, intimate friends, lovers, and life partners; hers includes primary, secondary and tertiary relationships), but by confining all legitimate sexual activity to "loving" relationships, she reinforces the same prudish judgementalism that poly relationships typically elicit. Talk about internalized oppression!

Perhaps worse, Anapol's moralism in this regard does nothing to help us untangle the messy web of desires that coalesce in "sex." Without the freedom to experiment with different types of relationships, it becomes extremely difficult to discern our differing wants. Instead, we must cover over our desires for sexual experimentation and meriment with a forced veneer of intimacy.

A more subtle dismissive attitude can be seen in Anapol's treatment of same-sex encounters. Though she is bi and makes mention of same-sex couplings in her book, no reference is made to bi, lesbian, or gay culture, nor does she seem to have any knowledge of the sheer commonality of open relationships in the gay community. By ignoring the conspicuous centrality of queer culture in redefining the nature of sexuality, gender, and relationship, Anapol leaves the "normality" of straight culture unchallenged and effectively marginalizes herself with her own implicit heterosexism.

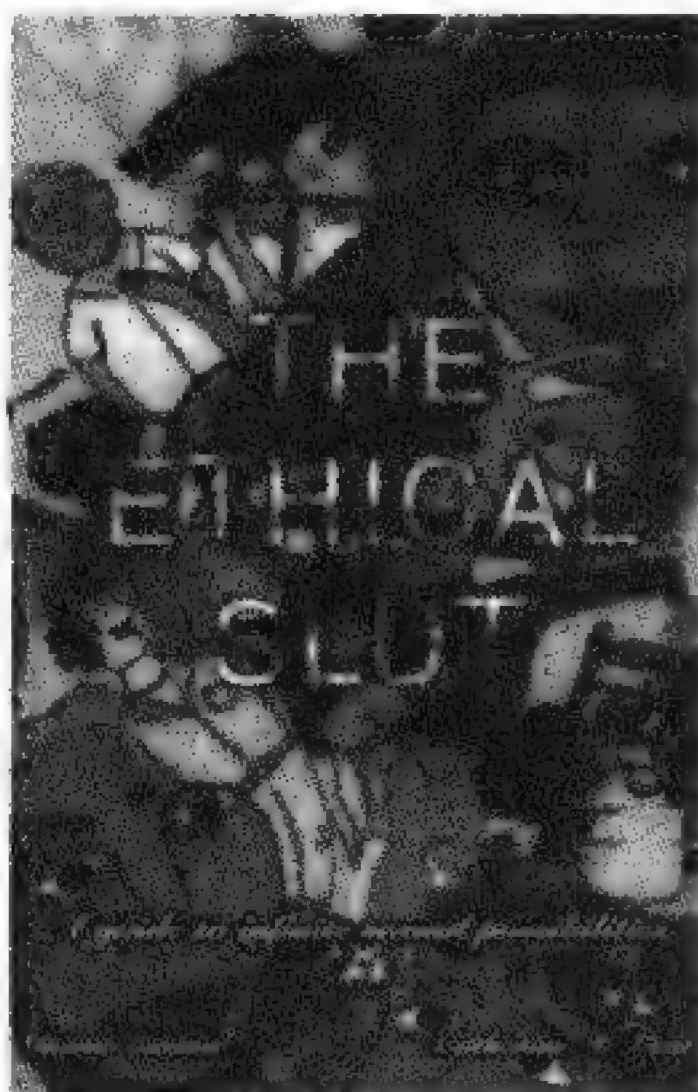
(see "Polyamory," p.55)





### **Polyamory (continued from p.54)**

Toward the end of the book it becomes clear that Anapol's true passion lies in creating sustainable multi-mate relationships, and here she has a few more interesting things to say. She shares her own story, in which she makes it clear that her search for multi-mate relationships had everything to do with wanting to avoid the isolating control of traditional relationships. She also lays out some of the differing dynamics that can happen in three-, four-, or more person relationships, noting a tendency for large intimate networks to "couple up" and for threesomes to remain threesomes. I wish Anapol had written a much more focused book which shared more of her insights in this area.



**F**ortunately, reading Dossie Easton and Catherine Liszt's book on the same topic was a much more enjoyable experience. *The Ethical Slut* is filled with practical insights gained from the authors' many years in San Francisco's sex scene. Easton and Liszt, authors of the equally delightful S/M primer, *The Bottoming Book*, take time to explore both the fun and the painful aspects of sluttiness, all while introducing us to a vastly expanded range of possibilities for sexual and relational fulfillment. Their humorous insights playfully challenge any traditional ideas about sex and relationships that might be floating through the heads of even the most experienced sluts, and at the same time strongly encourage us to establish the clear set of boundaries needed by every slut. This book reaches far beyond the "infinite sexual possibilities" mentioned in the subtitle. Whether or not you think of yourself as a slut (or slut-wanna-be!), I heartily recommend it.

One of *The Ethical Slut's* strong points is its non-traditional perspective on intimacy, family and community: "We can

connect with a much wider range of people as soon as we stop auditioning them for a together-forever role." Easton and Liszt examine many of the emotional patterns and beliefs which cause people to shut down when considering multiple sexual relationships, high among them the idea that giving to one person necessarily means less for others. The authors show great sensitivity in handling this and other material; they do not assume it "should" be easy to switch perspectives, yet their warm encouragement toward finding greater delight is truly inspiring.

Easton and Liszt also offer some of the best and most practical information I've read about handling jealousy and setting boundaries. But *The Ethical Slut* does not stop after promoting emotional dexterity when confronting these issues; one of the many pleasant surprises the book offers is the way the authors situate themselves in relation to a much larger set of barriers which can prevent us from enjoying sex, beginning with the very definition of "sex" itself. Easton and Liszt make it clear that sex has to do with feeling sexual, and is not limited to genitals, intercourse, or orgasm.

The authors also take on many of the unnoticed "sex-negative" messages, such as the obsessional fixation with physical appearance, which pervades the commercial media. "What have you done recently that helps you feel good about the body you are inhabiting today?" they ask. Their insight and wisdom, gained from personal experiences confronting sexual difficulties, shine throughout *The Ethical Slut*, while their gentle and humorous touch avoids guilt-tripping anyone for having painful feelings.

If there is a weakness to *The Ethical Slut*, it is that it could use more personal stories from people contending with these issues, but that in no way stops this from being one of the most

insightful and liberating books I have read in a long time. Whether they are talking about health concerns, child-rearing, or fun at the orgy, Easton and Liszt playfully probe and tickle, leaving behind a host of pragmatic suggestions and heartfelt encouragement. Best of all, the authors never lose sight of their ultimate goal — not more sex at any cost, but "a world where everyone has plenty of what they need: of community, of connection, of touch and sex and love... where the sick and aging are cared for by people who love them, where resources are shared by people who care about each other... where no one is driven by desires they have no hope of fulfilling, where no one suffers from shame for their desires, or embarrassment about their dreams, where no one is starving from the lack of sex." Amen to all that, my visionary sisters! And thank you.

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## **Real Live Nude Girl: Chronicles of Sex-Positive Culture**

by Carol Queen  
Cleis Press, 1997

*Reviewed by Liz Highleyman*

Carol Queen is well known within the bi community as a sex-positive writer and activist. Her latest book, *Real Live Nude Girl: Chronicles of Sex-Positive Culture*, pulls together updated versions of previously published essays on topics such as bisexuality, sex work, S/M, pornography, and erotophobia.

Many of the book's essays deal with queer sexuality. Queen now identifies as bisexual, but was previously a lesbian activist. She is not afraid to take the lesbian and gay communities to task when they deserve it. Queen talks about the disapproval she faced when her sexual desires pushed the boundaries drawn by some lesbian-feminists. "How few queers there are without

(see "Nude Girl," p.56)



### **Nude Girl (continued from p.55)**

heterosexual experience," she observes, "and how silent we are expected to be if we actually liked it." Recognizing that communities based on a common sexual identity are "full of people with secrets," Queen asks, "Is the real heresy what we do, what we desire, or whether we talk about it?"

In "Everything That Moves," Queen takes to task bisexuals who disavow other bis who engage in less-traditional sexual practices: "Too many of us, when faced with a sexual stereotype we can't relate to, would like to vociferously deny that 'they' (the swingers, the transgenerists, the closeted husbands) are part of our community." She notes, "there is a distinct subset of the bi community that experiences bisexuality as a lived protest against gender categories," and expresses her hope that bisexuals can "potentially help gay and straight monosexuals think of themselves as something other than opposites."

Queen's sense of humor comes through strongly in "In Praise of Strap Ons," which was inspired by her work at the sex toy emporium Good Vibrations. "There is a movement afoot in America today that even Camille Paglia doesn't seem to know about... Let's call it the Ladies, Roll the Men Over and Fuck 'Em Up the Bahouk Movement." Queen concludes, "When you get right down to it, strap-on play in a heterosexual or bisexual context lets you play fast and loose with the anatomy and assumptions that have, in fact, been destiny for too many people... Gender difference can make for great sex, if that difference is erotic for you... When it's the basis of rigidly enforced social policy, though, it doesn't work so well."

In the essay "Safe Words and Safe Sex," Queen explores the history of the safer sex culture that many of us take for granted today. The earliest safer sex

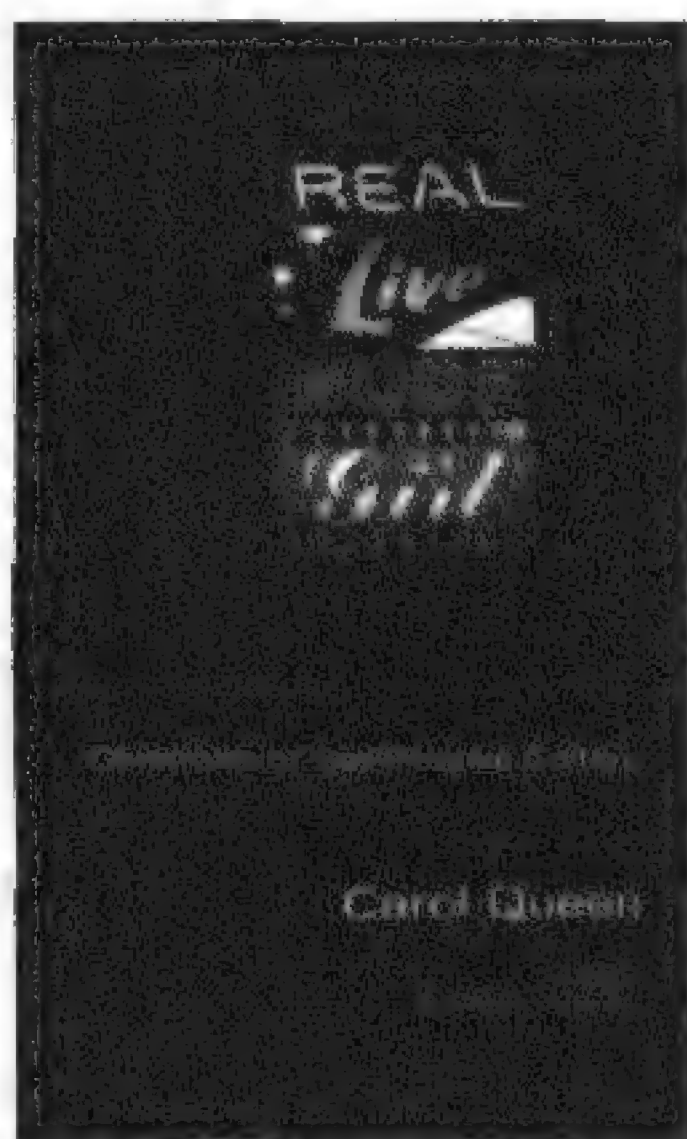
education grew out of the S/M and sex work communities and institutions such as the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality and San Francisco Sex Information.

Queen posits a loose coalition of "anti-censorship activists, BGLT rights groups, sex-positive academics, sex radicals, producers of erotic material, and others who identify with sex-positive politics" who "tend to believe that all kinds of consensual sex are potentially healthy and good." Yet her battle lines may be too broadly drawn. We all know members of the above categories who

are no friend to the cause of overall sexual and gender liberation: homophobic anti-censorship activists, gays and lesbians who think bis should choose sides, academics who want to "rescue" sex workers, porn producers whose only concern is making money. On the other hand, Queen does assert, "I strongly believe that oppression based on sexual behavior will not cease until all persons' desires for consensual sex are viewed as equal, and it feels hypocritical to me that

we who demand the right to our non-normative desires would not allow other people their own." She comes across as perhaps too much of a cheerleader for all things sexual. The "sex is good" maxim is too simple; like most things in life, sex can be used for good or for ill, depending on the motivations and mind set of the people engaging in it.

*Real Live Nude Girl* offers many interesting insights, served up with Queen's signature mix of good humor and good common sense. It provides an excellent overview of sex-positive thinking, without the medicalized language or post-modernist jargon that renders so much other work in the field dull and intimidating. Sex and sexuality are best when they include both thought and action. As Queen says, she is out to "transform the culture one step, one fuck at a time."



## **Sex Changes: The Politics of Transgenderism**

by Pat Califia

Cleis Press, 1997

*Reviewed by Patricia Kevena Fili*

In *Sex Changes: The Politics of Transgenderism*, Pat Califia doesn't just explore the history and struggles of those who identify with and claim gender or behavior not usually associated with their biological sex; she also addresses gender in terms of society's expectations and the challenges society faces from the "gender outlaws" who defy its conventions. According to Califia, gender outlaws are not just transsexuals, but everyone who questions gender as defined by others and acts in freedom as the persons they are and want to be.

In *Sex Changes*, Califia traces the research and stories of the transgendered movement, including the medical practitioners who opened the door for the early transgendered people, examining their actions and intentions. She critically analyzes gay and lesbian researchers and historians who claim knowledge about transgenderism, and gives voice to transgendered men (female-to-male), transgendered women (male-to-female), and those who are intersexed and transvestites (both men and women). Then Califia studies individuals like Kate Bornstein, who challenge the whole idea of gender. Is there a third or a fourth gender? Is gender just a societal construct? As challenged by Bornstein, should it be done away with entirely?

Califia has the courage to relate her questions to her own story, and encourages readers to do the same — "to think about how the tyranny of the male/female dichotomy affects their own body image, clothing, sexuality, mannerisms, career choice, speech, eating habits, and every other aspect of human existence."

(see "Sex Changes," p.57)



## Sex Changes (from p.56)

Califia does a service for anyone who is transgendered by cautioning against the so-called experts who attempt to speak for and represent those who are transgendered. She critiques the doctors who pioneered modern medical techniques, noting that while they may have exhibited compassion for their subjects, their goal was to turn transsexuals into "normal" heterosexual men and women. If the first transsexuals to undergo treatment had identified as queer, she suggests, little help would have been offered.

Califia also courageously challenges what she calls "feminist fundamentalism," referring to the belief articulated by Janice Raymond, and held by certain quarters of the lesbian community, that transgendered women are "man-made 'women' created by the patriarchy to act as moles in the war between the sexes."

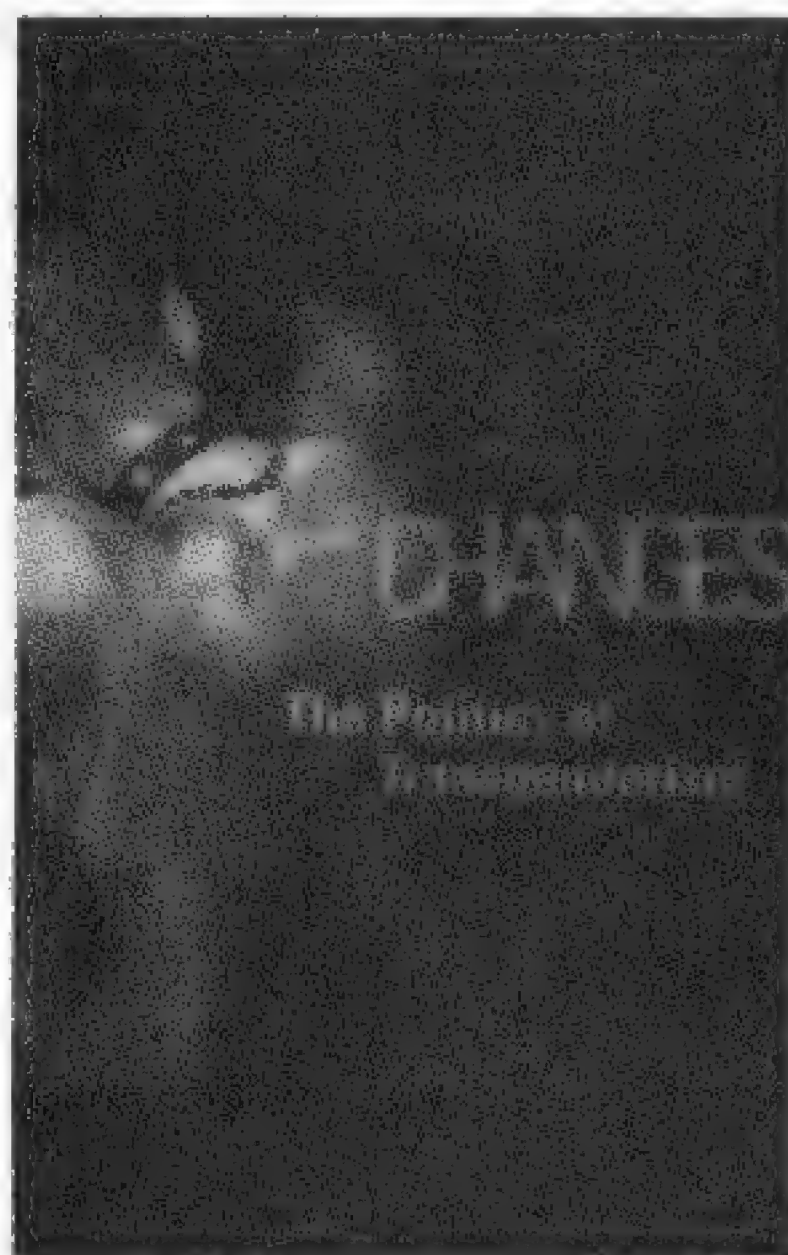
Thankfully, Califia continually argues that the opinions of credentialed outsiders are no more powerful or valid than the opinions of transgendered people themselves. When these "experts" claim to know why people are transgendered, they are objectifying transgendered people. She notes that gays and lesbians were themselves once the objects of medical and scientific inquiry until they educated and organized themselves into a political force. This is what transgendered people are trying to accomplish now.

Califia does not reserve her criticism for those outside the transgender community. She observes that some transgen-

dered women are critical of gender women and other "experts" on femininity. Often, they adopt stereotypical notions from the mainstream of what is and is not feminine. As Califia argues, we all need to support and challenge one another. Accepting misogyny as a fact helps none.

*Sex Changes* is a rich and important book for the transgendered, queer and mainstream communities. Califia has created a tool to help us all take social change to a new level. As she advises, "In matters of sexuality, we understand so very little that any claim to authority is premature.

The best we can do is speak our own truth, make it safe for others to speak theirs, and respect our differences."



## Sound Bites

by Kevin McCulloch

### Living in Clip

Ani DiFranco

Righteous Babe Records



With a large body of work and an original, startling album, *Dilate*, immediately behind her, the natural thing for Ani DiFranco to do would be to pause and take stock. This is exactly what she does on her new double-CD live album, *Living in Clip*.

DiFranco has built her following through incessant touring, and she takes advantage of her on-stage muscle (and the legitimacy she's recently

gained on her tour with Bob Dylan) to release a definitive overview of her career to date. Each track, and much of the between-song banter, was recorded at a different stop on her 1995-96 tour; you can almost feel the miles between the performances.

While the final product is exhausting (the two discs are easier to take as separate mini-concerts) it strikes the right balance between her earlier and later work. "I am truly sorry about all of this," she howls on "Adam and Eve," one of the more hair-raising songs from *Dilate*. As *Living in Clip* demonstrates, she shouldn't be.

### Lucky Pierre

Travis John Alford Band

World Domination Records

*Lucky Pierre*, the posthumous album by gay singer/songwriter Travis John Alford, is a slab of greasy guitar-rock full of larger than life, Big Country-esque riffs and bitter lyrics. It's not the greatest rock album ever recorded, but a loving tribute to an artist who clearly walked the walk.



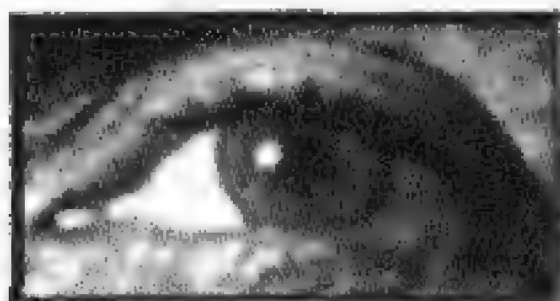
### Lovin' By the Rules

Laura Bowly

Small D.O.G. Records

Laura Bowly's swinging E-Street sax lines suggest a power-of-positive-thinking Springsteen, but her recent album, *Lovin' by the Rules*, is too trite to be boss. There's nothing inherently wrong with lines like, "Some say that love is a lie and a game/Some say that love causes heartache and pain/I say love is a light it's gonna shine on me," but when they're the height of feeling on an album, you're in trouble. Some impassioned or inventive playing might make the whole affair easier to swallow, but Bowly's bandmates never quite lift her sentiments out of the mire, and the album's even-handed production leaves the songs feeling hollow.





# Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

## U.S. Supreme Court Overturns CDA

On June 26, the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously struck down the Communications Decency Act (CDA), a federal law that would have made it illegal to transmit by computer any "comment, request, suggestion, proposal, image or other communication" that was "indecent" or "patently offensive." In its decision, the court ruled that the CDA was an unconstitutional prior restraint of free speech that would reduce adults to accessing only material that is suitable for children.

The Supreme Court ruled that the vagueness and lack of legal definition of the terms "indecent" and "patently offensive" made it impossible for users to know what material they could legally transmit, and would thus have a chilling effect on free expression. Citing previous cases, the justices stated, "We have made it perfectly clear that sexual expression which is indecent but not obscene is protected by the First Amendment... the fact that society may find speech offensive is not a sufficient reason for suppressing it."

Recognizing the democratic nature of online communications, the Supreme Court stated that "any person with a phone line can become a town crier with a voice that resonates farther than it could from any soapbox. Through the use of Web pages, mail exploders, and newsgroups, the same individual can become a pamphleteer."

Lead plaintiff's attorney Bruce Ennis called the Supreme Court's decision

"the death knell for this kind of content restriction at the speaker's end."

Two groups of plaintiffs, including the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), the American Library Association, the Queer Resources Directory, the Safer Sex Page, Stop Prisoner Rape (SPR), and hundreds of individual Internet users, challenged the CDA after Congress originally passed it early last year. In June 1996, a three-judge district court panel in Philadelphia ruled that the measure was unconstitutional. Late bi activist Stephen "Donny" Donaldson of SPR (*see ATM #12, p.34*) delivered some of the most moving testimony in the Philadelphia trial.

After the U.S. Department of Justice appealed the district court's decision, the case moved to the U.S. Supreme Court in March 1997.

In its June decision, the Supreme Court also rejected the government's claim that the Internet was comparable to television or radio. Users must request

**"We have made it perfectly clear that sexual expression which is indecent but not obscene is protected by the First Amendment... The fact that society may find speech offensive is not a sufficient reason for suppressing it."**

— U.S. Supreme Court, 6/26/97

access to information on the Internet, the Court noted, and children are unlikely to come across sexually explicit material by accident.

In a partial dissent, justices Sandra Day O'Connor and William Rehnquist

stated that certain types of "cyber-zoning" may be constitutionally permissible. The Court further found that current technology does not allow effective age verification. Such technology would be too expensive for many non-profit organizations and would exclude adults who do not have a credit card.

Following the verdict, the Clinton administration appeared to adopt the plaintiffs' view that parents should be able to control what their own children access on the Internet. The White House held a summit on ratings and filtering software this summer.

In August, the ACLU released a white paper entitled "Fahrenheit 451.2: Is Cyberspace Burning? How Rating and Blocking Proposals May Torch Free Speech on the Internet." The paper criticized government-mandated, third-party, and self-imposed rating schemes, saying they would interfere with free speech online and have the potential for arbitrary censorship. Various ratings software programs have already imposed blanket restrictions on Web sites dealing with queer subject matter, including those that contain no sexually explicit material.

ACLU Associate Director Barry Steinhardt stated, "We fear that the widespread adoption of the rating and blocking schemes will move us inexorably towards an Internet that is bland and homogenized.

The major commercial sites will still be readily available... Quirky and idiosyncratic speech, individual home pages, or postings to controversial newsgroups will be blocked by the filters and made invisible by the search engines."



## NEA Under Fire

In June and July, the U.S. House of Representatives attempted to defund the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), in part due to the concerns of conservatives about the content of art the agency has funded.

On June 17, during subcommittee hearings on the 1998 Department of the Interior appropriations bill, Chairman Ralph Regula (R-OH) recommended an appropriation of \$10 million "for an orderly termination" of the NEA. The subcommittee struck the termination language, but failed by a partisan vote of 6-5 to give the agency any money to continue to operate. On June 26th, the full House Appropriations Committee again failed to fund the agency.

On July 10, in a vote on a rules technicality that was essentially a vote on the fate of the NEA, the full House voted against the agency by a close vote of 217 to 216. The final appropriations bill passed by the House contained no money for the NEA. In his testimony, Rep. Duncan Hunter (R-CA) said, "We are not going to give money to aging hippies anymore to desecrate the crucifix or do other strange things." Clinton threatened to veto any appropriations bill that cut off funding for the NEA.

The agency fared better in the Senate. The Senate Appropriations Committee on July 22 passed a bill that contained \$100.06 million in NEA funding (the current 1997 level of \$99.5 million plus a small increase for inflation). The Senate vote was more bipartisan than that of the House, with Slade Gorton (R-WA) and John Warner (R-VA) speaking in favor of continued funding. If the Senate approves its bill, the House and Senate will have to agree on a compromise.

To receive government funding, Congress must vote both to authorize spending for an agency and to appropriate the money. The NEA's authorization officially expired in 1993 amid ongoing accusations from conservatives that the

agency funded work that is homoerotic, pornographic, and offensive to religion.

Attempts to reauthorize the agency have so far been unsuccessful. On July 15, senators John Chafee (R-RI), Edward Kennedy (D-MA), and James Jeffords (D-VT) introduced a bill (S. 1020) that made another attempt to reauthorize the NEA.

In related news, lesbian feminist poet Adrienne Rich turned down the 1997 National Medal for the Arts — an award given annually by the NEA — in protest against Clinton administration politics. In rejecting the honor, Rich said, "The very meaning of art, as I understand it, is incompatible with the cynical politics of this administration." Rich is perhaps best known for her essay, "Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence."

## Judge Upholds New Child Porn Law

Federal District Judge Samuel Conti ruled on August 12 that the Child Pornography Prevention Act of 1996 is constitutional. The law expands the definition of child pornography to include computer-generated images and pornography that "appears to" depict children engaging in sexually explicit conduct.

The challenge to the law was initiated by the Free Speech Coalition, an adult entertainment industry association, and was supported by the ACLU. Opponents argued that the law was overly broad, unconstitutionally vague, and an impermissible prior restraint of free speech, since any judgment about who "appears to be" under 18 years of age is inherently subjective. The ACLU argued that the law would likely outlaw certain non-obscene material that has serious literary, artistic, political and scientific value, including medical information for adolescents and classics such as *Romeo and Juliet*.

Judge Conti stated that the law is intended to limit the use of computer technology to produce material that

"appears to be" child pornography (such material can be made using computationally manipulated images without involving any children in its production).

"Even if no children are involved in the production of sexually explicit materials," Conti stated, "the devastating effect that such materials have on society and on the well-being of children merits the regulation of such images." The judge also said that the law provides a defense against prosecution if the people depicted in a work are, in fact, adults and if the material does not "convey the impression" that it is child pornography.

Following the ruling, Free Speech Coalition chairman Jeffrey Douglas stated, "Personal possession of this new form of 'child pornography' is a very serious felony, even though the material contains only images of people over 18. That means if you possess copies of videotapes such as *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* ... or hundreds of other movies, you possess child pornography, legally indistinguishable from real child pornography involving the sexual molestation of children."

Douglas cited a recent case in which Oklahoma City police raided private homes seeking copies of *The Tin Drum*, a 20-year-old Academy Award-winning film that includes a brief scene of a sexual interaction between two teenagers. Blockbuster Video, which had rented out the video, gave renters' addresses to the authorities.

The day after the ruling was handed down, the Free Speech Coalition filed an appeal with the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. Douglas said the Coalition is "confident that this ruling will be overturned."

*Liz Hightleyman is a freelance journalist and health educator. She is editor of the pan-sexual leather community newspaper Cuir Underground and associate editor of the anthology Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions (Haworth Press, 1995).*



# EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT US

## BISEXUALS TAKE NOTE:

### Int'l Bi Conference Address Correction

The Registration Form for the 5th International Bisexual Conference has an important error. The zip code in the mailing address (where to send the completed form) *should* be 02140. This affects all copies distributed at conferences and downloaded from the conference Web site *before* Sept. 26.

The address on the Call for Presentations (or Papers in some versions) is correct. Only the registration form address is in error.

Please pass along the word to anyone who may have picked up a registration form. The post office will not be able to figure out this address with the wrong zip code.

Portable Document Format (PDF) versions of the conference flier, Registration Form, and Call for Presentations can all be downloaded from the conference Web site: <http://www.biconf.org> and printed using Adobe Acrobat Reader.

## NGTLF Expands Bi/Trans Inclusivity to New Mission Statement, Board Members

WASHINGTON, DC: In September, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF) adopted a new, trans- and bi-inclusive mission statement. In addition, the organization appointed three new members to its board of directors, including long-time bi activist Lani Ka'ahumanu.

At a Sept. 13 meeting, the NGLTF board adopted new language for its mission and vision statements. The newly approved mission statement reads: "The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force works to eliminate prejudice, violence and injustice against gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered people at the local, state and national level."

Appointed to the board at the September meeting were Arturo (Art) Nava, an engineer from Boston; Lynn Cothren, an aide to Coretta Scott King in Atlanta; and Lani Ka'ahumanu, an

AIDS educator in San Francisco. All three have a long-standing history of activism in the BGLT community.

Nava was the first elected national co-president of the Lesbian, Bisexual and Gay United Employees at AT&T (1992-94). Cothren, a Tennessee native, has performed nearly all his activist work in Atlanta. He has been a special assistant to Mrs. Coretta Scott King, founder of the King Center in Atlanta, since 1982. He has also worked with many BGLT organizations in Atlanta as an advisor, member of the board of directors or volunteer. Ka'ahumanu is a community education coordinator at the Marin AIDS Project in San Francisco. She has been a bisexual grassroots and national organizer for over 30 years, and is the co-editor of *Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out* (Alyson, 1991).

## Psychologists Adopt Informed Consent Rule for "Conversion" Therapy

CHICAGO — In a nearly unanimous decision, the American Psychological Association (APA) endorsed a resolution designed to limit the use of "conversion therapy," a practice that employs various psychoanalytic techniques designed to "cure" patients of same-sex attraction.

*The Washington Post* reports the resolution is less strident than the one proposed in 1995 which "discouraged" the use of conversion therapy as unethical. Though many mental health professionals believe attempts to change sexual orientation through psychoanalysis carries great potential for harm, it was feared, the harsher measure would open the APA to legal action on freedom of speech and business infringement grounds.

*The Post* quotes the resolution as saying, "societal ignorance and prejudice about same-gender sexual orientation puts some gay, lesbian, bisexual, and questioning individuals at risk [for presenting themselves] for 'conversion' treatment." It notes the treatment's potential for damage and reiterates that there is no credible scientific evidence that proves its effectiveness.

While the resolution does not dismiss the conversion technique outright, it demands psychologists use it only with "informed

consent." This requires psychologists to inform the patient that being lesbian or gay is not an illness and that the risks and benefits of conversion therapy are unknown.

Therapists should also be convinced the patient has not been coerced in any way. Failure to abide by these guidelines would subject offending psychologists to censure by the APA.

"What some of us have suspected for a long time will now be out in the open," Robert Knight, spokesman for the Family Research Council, told *The Washington Post*. "That the APA is a wholly owned subsidiary of the homosexual activist movement."

**All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to ATM by the named organizations or written by staff.**

**To submit a press release, e-mail it to: [qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org).**

**News only, please. We do not consider commercial products news. Thanks.**



## INTERNATIONAL NEWS

### WESTERN CAPE DECRIMINALIZES SODOMY

In a landmark judgment on August 4, 1997, the Cape High Court of South Africa declared the criminalization of same-sex sodomy to be unconstitutional under the new South African Constitution. Mr. Justice Ian Farlam and Mr. Justice S. S. Ngcobo decriminalized same-sex sodomy on the grounds that it undermines equal protection under the law for South Africa's homosexual citizens.

In the case of *The State vs. Kampher*, the judges overturned the conviction and suspended sentence of Knysna Correctional Services prisoner Gordon Kampher for having sex with another prisoner while awaiting trial this January.

The judges stated in their judgment that the criminalization of sodomy was contrary to the South African Constitution, which states in Section 9.3 that "no person shall be unfairly discriminated against on the grounds of race, gender, sex, ethnic or social origin, colour or sexual orientation."

Kevan Botha, Legal Adviser to the National Coalition for Gay and Lesbian Equality (NCGLE) exclaimed, "It is long overdue. We welcome the ruling and believe it will help to ensure that gay people are no longer regarded as unapprehended felons." Zackie Achmat, Co-convenor of the NCGLE, further stated that "[anti-sodomy] laws are outdated and combine non-consensual rape with consensual sex between adults," and called for the amendment of anti-rape laws to include violent sexual crimes against men.

### TURKISH TRANS-RIGHTS ACTIVIST ARRESTED

Demet Demir, the Turkish transsexual and human rights advocate, returned home to Turkey from the U.S. in July after receiving an award from the International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commission (IGLHRC) for her human rights work. She was re-arrested within hours of her return when she intervened to stop a police from beating a young girl.

The girl was selling handkerchiefs made in a workshop designed to help transgender people earn their livelihoods outside of prostitution, into which many Turkish transsexuals are driven.

Demir was reportedly beaten and taken to the police station where she was charged with insulting the police. Demir has filed suit over her wrongful incarceration and assault, but continues to face heightened police surveillance and harassment.

Demir's reported assault by the police is emblematic of the situation of transvestites and transsexuals in Istanbul, who have been routinely rounded up from their homes, beaten and evicted. Demir and other members of the drastically reduced transvestite and transsexual community of Cihangir have petitioned the local and national government to no avail.

## Intersex Groups Protest Joycelyn Elders

[Washington, DC: 20 Sep 97] Hermaphrodites With Attitude (HWA) and Transsexual Menace today protested Dr. Joycelyn Elders' keynote address to a Mautner Lesbians With Cancer Project fund-raiser. Elders, a former U.S. Surgeon General, is an outspoken advocate of Intersex Genital Mutilation (IGM), a cosmetic surgery performed on the genitals of intersexed infants so they will look like "normal" males and females.

Demonstrators carried banners saying "Dr. Elders: Keep Your Scalpels OFF Our Bodies" and "Intersex Kids Need Counseling NOT Cutting," and distributed IGM leaflets to attendees as they arrived for the \$100-a-plate dinner.

Several attendees expressed shock and dismay upon learning of Elders' position, noting that she is generally considered a supporter of lesbian and feminist causes, and enlightened on most matters of adolescent sexuality. However, the flier noted that on "correcting" queer genitals, Elders has written: "...just take out everything and make a good vaginal pouch and the child can function very well as a

female," and "I always told my students, I can make a good female, but it's very hard to make a male."

"We're not protesting the Mautner Project," explained HWA founder Cheryl Chase, "we're calling attention to Dr. Elders' support of IGM and her continued refusal to meet with us on an issue that affects our lives. One reason IGM is performed is the fear that girls born with clitorises considered 'too large' will grow up to be masculine or lesbian. We want to bring awareness to the Lesbian and Gay community that IGM is a queer issue."

Although intersexuality was once considered rare, according to noted Brown University medical researcher Dr. Anne Fausto-Sterling, about eight intersex children are genitally cut in U.S. hospitals every working day for cosmetic reasons. Stated Chase, "We will continue to seek a meeting with Dr. Elders, and anticipate that once she takes IGM seriously, she will support our position."

Following the demonstration, HWA and the Menace donated \$100 to the Mautner Project in the name of intersexed infants.

## Japanese Queers Victorious in Tokyo Court

On Sept. 16, 1997, in the final hearing of a seven-year court case regarding the Tokyo Metropolitan Government's refusal to allow a group of homosexuals to use its "Metropolitan House for Youth," the Tokyo High Court declared the City's actions illegal and ordered it to pay ¥170,000 in damages.

A similar decision was also rendered in the first round of hearings at the District Court, but the court's opinion in this round was distinguished by an even stronger emphasis on homosexual rights. As the decision states, Tokyo's exclusion of homosexuals from a public facility was a result of indifference and ignorance unacceptable in any government agency. Furthermore, the Court has stated that the so-called "separate rooms, separate sexes" rule, which Tokyo has cited to justify its actions, is illegal because it places undue emphasis on the possibility of sexual relations in such a way as to place homosexuals at a distinct disadvantage *vis-a-vis* their heterosexual counterparts.

The Tokyo High Court has rejected the appeal of the Tokyo Metropolitan Government (TMG) against the Japan Association for the Lesbian and Gay Movement (OCCUR). In doing so it has reaffirmed the 1994 decision of the District Court that Tokyo's refusal to allow OCCUR

(see "Tokyo," p.62)



## GET YOURSELF CONNECTED!

### About BABN

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN is connecting the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources.

BABN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression due to age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender identity, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. We also support acceptance in employment, housing, health care, and education. This includes access to complete sexual information, free expression of responsible consensual sexual activity, and other freedoms. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.

BABN sponsors a speakers' network of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles, and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415-703-7977 voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.

### BIS BEYOND THE BAY

**AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK:** National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030. <http://www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html>

**BINET USA:** National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing,

and political activism toward a multicultural, co-gendered, bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter, conferences. Info: PO Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787 USA. 202.986.7186.

**BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER:** Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. PO Box 639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617.424.9595.

**GLASGOW BISEXUAL NETWORK:** Social support and health information for bisexuals and their supporters in Glasgow, Scotland, UK. Volunteers and bi-friendly folks needed to help run the group. Regular social meetings at the Gay & Lesbian Centre, 11 Dixon St., Glasgow. For more information, contact: Dominic Aveyard, GBN Group Coordinator, 127 Glenhead St., Parkhouse, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, Postcode: G22-6DQ 0141-336-4548 evenings and weekdays.

**GRUPO TRIANGULO ROSA:** To help the human rights of BGLT people, struggle against discrimination, help coordinate a Central American movement for the rights of sexual minorities, and prevent HIV. Apartado Postal 1619-4050, Alajuela, Costa Rica. 506.23.2411.

**MOSCOW BI-SEX CLUB:** Union for people with unorthodox desires. Looking for international contacts, ideas, support. PO Box N3, Moscow Russia 123308.

**UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK:** A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, PO Box 10818, Portland, ME 04104 USA.

**WAZOBIA:** For women who love women and men who love men however they may self-identify, BGLT or questioning people from continental Africa. PO Box 255, New York, NY 10116 USA. 212.690.3705.

*Anything That Moves* is interested in listing national bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

Bi Resources Listings  
Anything That Moves  
2261 Market St. #496  
San Francisco, CA 94114-1600  
[qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org)

or browse our Web site (sponsored by Planet Out):

<http://www.anythingthatmoves.com/>

ATM reserves the right to edit all entries for length and style.

### Tokyo (from p.61)

members to use its Houses for Youth was illegal and discriminatory.

In this second round of hearings the TMG argued that the "separate sexes, separate rooms rule" was necessary to prevent sexual relations from occurring within the House for Youth. In addition, the TMG argued that the Tokyo Board of Education had broad powers of discretion regarding the sound upbringing of Tokyo's youth, and that even if the Board's decision had been mistaken it could not be considered negligent given the overwhelming amount of negative information concerning homosexuality in circulation at the time. The Court rejected all of these arguments.

The Court also rejected the TMG's claim to "wide discretionary powers," stating (1) that young people are perfectly capable of understanding homosexuality; and (2) that it is entirely possible and necessary to provide educational guidance in the event that confusion or tension result from the presence of homosexuals in a public facility. The court noted that Tokyo's failure to provide such guidance was not covered by its "discretionary powers." The court also confirmed the illegality of the TMG's refusal even to accept for consideration the form submitted by OCCUR requesting accommodation at the House for Youth.

The Tokyo Metropolitan Government may appeal the case, and OCCUR is lobbying to discourage that possibility.

Updated 1997 Edition

## BISEXUAL RESOURCE GUIDE

✦ Robyn Ochs, editor

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# SUBMIT TO ATM!

## Bring Out the Men!

It's time we had more guys around here! *Anything That Moves* is planning a feature focus on boys who do boys, just like the song says. That's right, we want your photos, your articles, your stories, your artwork... we want it *all*, so show us what you've got!

*Anything That Moves* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. We are particularly interested in work by bi/pan/or-similarly-sexuals, people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV, as well as material not previously published and/or from new or unpublished writers.

## WRITERS:

*ATM* accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports on the bisexual community or individuals.

**FICTION:** Any content is up for consideration and need not address bisexuality specifically; however, bisexual content is given priority. Please, 2500 words or less.

**NON-FICTION COMMENTARY:** *ATM* provides space for writers to explore contemporary issues related to bisexuality that are editorial in nature — personal opinions and viewpoints. Submissions should not exceed 900 words.

**REVIEWS:** *ATM* publishes reviews of books, film, music, conferences, exhibits, theater, and anything else related to bisexual artists, topics, and/or themes as well as subjects of interest to bisexuals. Reviews should not exceed 900 words. Black & white photos or stats of reviewed book jackets, or black & white theatrical/portfolio promotional photos to accompany reviews are greatly appreciated.

**FEATURES & INTERVIEWS:** *ATM* publishes features relating to any angle of bisexual life — cultural, lifestyle, spiritual, sexual, health, relationship, political... you name it. Please, 2500 words or less.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS:

*ATM* is interested in receiving (*read: at times desperate for*) photo submissions (single photos as well as photo essays), illustrations, computer graphics, and cartoons. Erotic/nude photos will be considered. All photos containing models or subjects with identifiable and/or copyrighted likenesses must be accompanied by a signed photo release form and age statement. Illustrations must be submitted in stat, velox, or clean photocopy form. Do not submit originals, as *ATM* cannot be responsible for them. Photographer's, designer's or illustrator's name, address, and phone number *must* be attached to the back of each submission.

### THE FINE PRINT, PART I:

Submissions must be typed, double-spaced, on clean white paper and must include the author's name, address and phone number on each page. In your cover letter, please note whether you have submitted your manuscript to any other media source, and if it has been previously published.

Submissions must include a word count and a SASE. Handwritten, illegible, or single-spaced copy will be returned. *ATM* will gladly accept manuscripts on disk (Microsoft Word for Macintosh 4.0 or higher, please) ONLY if accompanied by a hard copy as you know how finicky those disks-through-the-mail can be.

Send all submissions to:

*Anything That Moves*: Submissions, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600. Manuscripts may also be submitted via e-mail, to: [qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org).

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Notification of acceptance will be made within 6-8 weeks, although publication date cannot be given (accepted material is often kept on file and considered for each new issue). Accepted material cannot be returned. Do not send originals, as *ATM* will not be responsible for them. Rejected material returned only if accompanied by the correct amount of postage.

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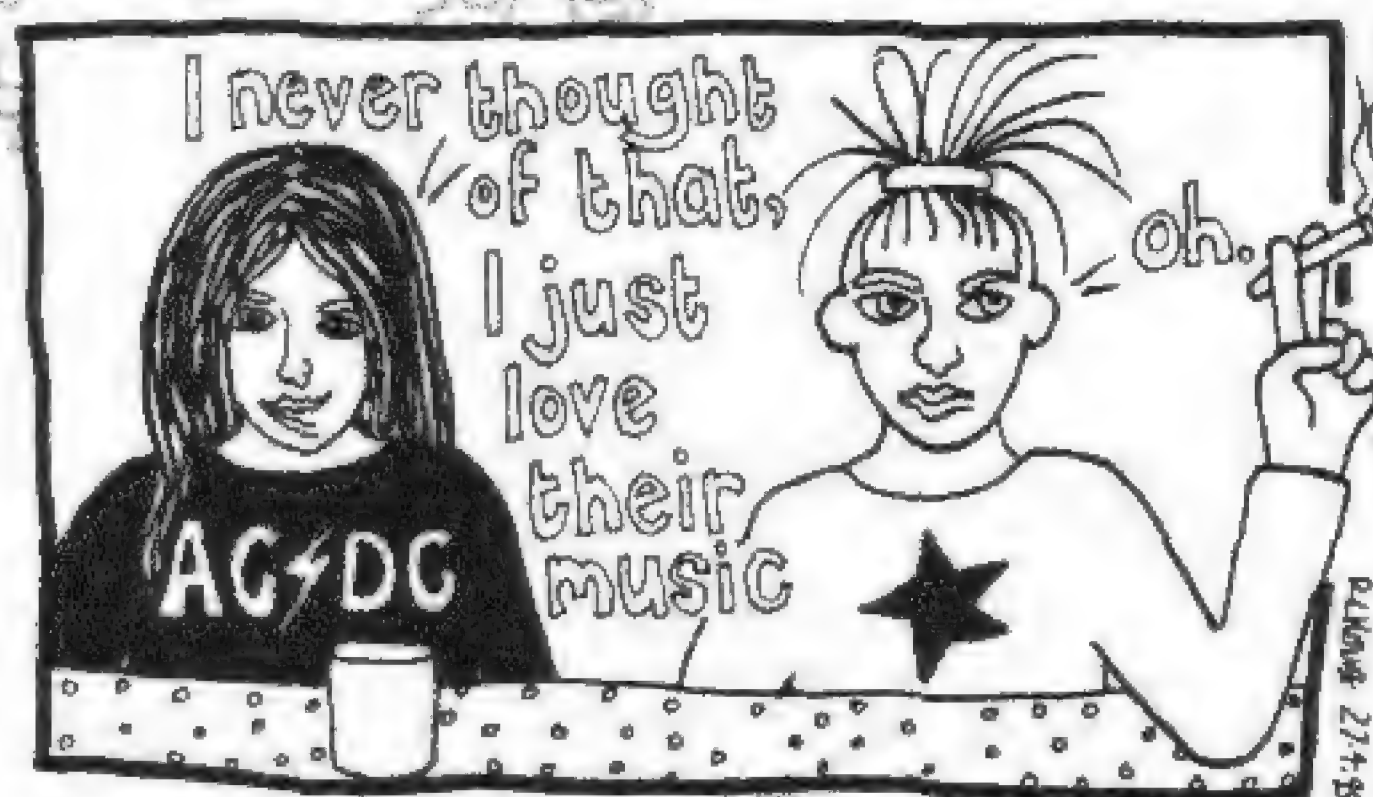
All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere.

Pen names are permitted; however, the author's real name, address, and phone number must accompany the submission (not for publication).



# RED HANKY PANKY

I'm much fatter than  
I draw myself



Who is the best bisexual? (tick the box of your choice)



Want more?

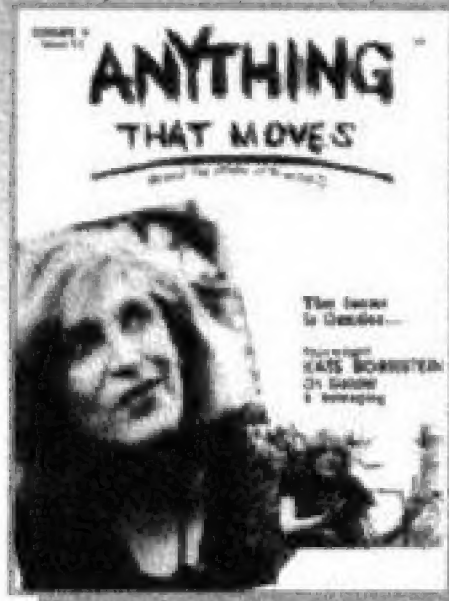
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# Back issues of *Anything That Moves* are available!

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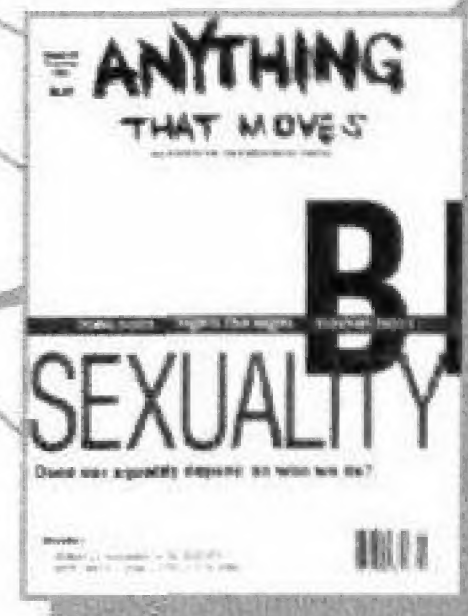
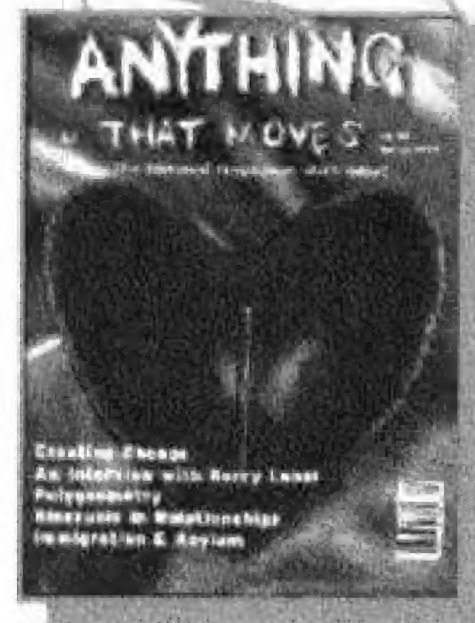
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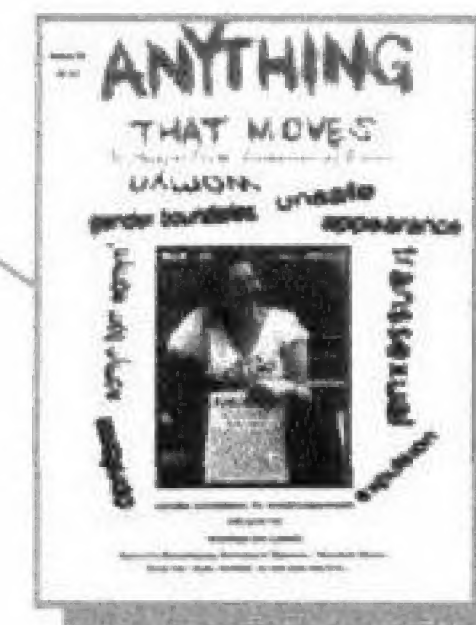
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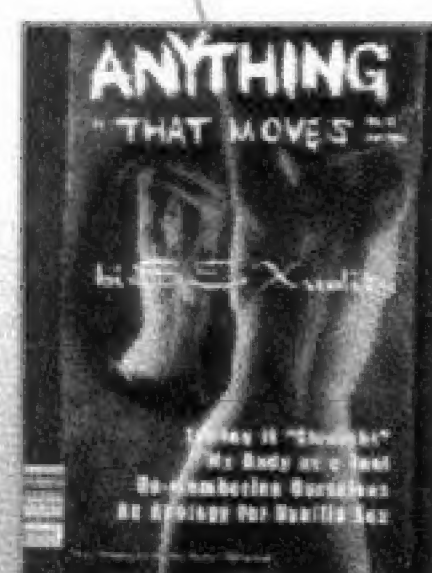


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# Ani DiFranco

"...some days the line i walk  
turns out to be straight  
other days the line tends to deviate  
i've got no criteria for sex or race  
i just want to hear your voice  
i just want to see your face"

—Ani DiFranco, "In Or Out"

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# ANYTHING THAT MOVES

The Magazine for the Uncompromising Bisexual

October 29, 1997

Dear Loyal Readers,

Well, here it is! Issue #15, and green no less! Very exciting. I have to say it was as exciting for me this issue as it probably is for you since I hadn't seen even a single page before it was printed. Wonderful Guest Editors the Anything Twins, Jennifer Yee and Gerard Palmieri, steered this thing from beginning to end, giving me a welcome relaxing break after over 3 years of Managing Editorship. Many thanks to them both, and the whole staff who did another amazingly fabulous job.

What did I do, and why should you care? Well, I bicycled, relaxed, hung out, napped, read, worked my day job, went on vacation to see and remember the New England fall. And I worked on ATM business stuff. Where last we left you, ATM was in deep financial doo-doo, due to the timely demise of Fine Print Distributors (they were never a reliable payer anyway). It left us much, MUCH deeper in the hole than we expected to be, and after some panicking, staff member John Denton birthed the idea of a pledge drive, which I quickly put to ink. And the response was overwhelming! Over 30 people donated additional cash beyond their subscriptions to keep us afloat- we received between \$2000-\$3000 over the last 5 months, making this issue an historic issue. This is the first time we're going to press, with all of our debts paid off (thank you dear creditors! notably Matt LeGrant, and others), able to pay 100% of our printing and shipping bills, and have money left over. Not much, but some. Amazing. Each of our donors desires a big hug and kiss, and if ever I meet you all personally, please come collect them from me.

In addition, I worked on subscriptions. We were at an all-time subscriber low of 320 at last issue, and since then we've gained over 200 subscribers, putting us over the 500 mark. We're hoping to continue that trend, and break 600 by the end of November, and 1000 by April! Ambitious, yes, but it will really make us much, much more stable, more responsible to the readers, and less at the whims of the marketplace. So, get your friends and family to subscribe. If you have ten or twenty of your closest intimates reading your copy, encourage them to subscribe for themselves. If you belong to an organization whose members you think would like to know about us, contact us so we can contact them and get the word out! Subscribe, subscribe, subscribe!


Speaking of subscriptions, we sent out our renewal notices for this last issue a little late, and at latest count, 62 of you hadn't sent in your resubscription check. Please, please, please send it in! Because we were late getting the notices out, you are getting this issue, but please help us out, and make good use of this grace period. Resubscribe.

If you are going to the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force's Creating Change conference in San Diego this November, we'll be sharing a table with BiNet USA. Come bi and say hi!

Also, we are proud to announce that we are a cosponsor of Tranny Fest, which is the FIRST Transgender and Transgenre Film Festival happening November 22, 1997 at the Roxie Cinema in San Francisco. The festival directors promise six "finger-snapping, groin-bumping, tear-jerking, heartwarming, gut-busting" mix of film programs. Come out and play at the Roxie. It will be good.

The next issue has a boys who do boys feature focus, although we won't call it a theme. We are accepting submissions on ALL possible topics, as we do for every issue, but we are looking in particular for boy-boy stuff this time. Send 'em in! Any bisexual radical faeries out there? Deadline for submissions is mid-December. If you are thinking of submitting, let us know.

Look for our next issue to print February 1, for you to have it in your greedy little hands by the end of the month. Enjoy!

  
Mark Silver  
Managing Editor

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